



HUMOROUS POEMS

BY

IGNATIUS BRENNAN



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RICHARD G. BADGER
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I very affectionately dedicate this little volume, first, to Forest, my wife, who helped me mellow many a line; and, second to my two-year-old boy John Howard Holt Brennan, who helped me lose many a poetic line by falling down stairs or swallowing a jackstone or two just as the inspiration was on.

TO MY READER:

My first jingles were written along about the time Grover Cleveland was serving his first term, and my friends used to tell me: "Them was some rhymes!"—they were. Of course I wrote of "the mill by the rill;" of "the stars above and my own true love;" of "the beautiful moon in the month of June," etc. Several of these I sent to the leading (?) magazines, enclosing postage to insure their return and afford me the privilege of seeing them marked: "Not available."

I decided that Sir Literary Critic was a joke. Thought often: "If the whole bunch of them would take a deepsea excursion some time and either sink into the sea or do the Robinson Crusoe act!" My vengeance has cooled, however, and I assign these two reasons for that: Old Time, and the way my first volume, "Mountain State Gleanings" (same publisher as this) was handled by them.

In that volume I told these "destroyers" of flowers born *not* to blush unseen, but made to do so by them; that my own hard cash was paying for the publication and that they could all go to—Benton Harbor or some lake port warmer. My judgment of them was wrong. They treated me fair and square. So here I am once more with the second installment, "Penned while you wait" and on all those things that appealed to me during the past two years.

I was out of the writing end of it for two years—having been in Kentucky. Were you ever in Kentucky? If not, shake. If so, and you didn't have to tramp home, shake again. 'Tis the wrong clime for one who sees the humor in most of the things in which there is humor. I heard but two hearty laughs while in the state: one came from out a drunk who lived in New Albany, Indiana, and an-

other from out a poor demented fellow en route to the insane asylum, near Louisville.

My most sincere prayer to Almighty God is that every body may eventually make Heaven their home, and that each one gets the same size harp and crown; but should it happen that those harps and crowns are graded, woe be unto the one who draws either or both larger or better finished than those assigned a Kentuckian. And I'll bet my old low-cuts that before one of them is in Heaven twenty-four hours he will be wanting a rebate on his harp or sueing some one for damages.

The above may seem strange to some of my readers—my taking a slap at Kentucky in my preface—but I felt it my duty to explain my two years absence in verse. I have explained and my explanation is true.

However, the rhymes follow. Take them in homeopathic doses and you may survive.

I am sincerely yours,
IGNATIUS BRENNAN.

Huntington, W. Va.
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HUMOROUS POEMS

THE GOSSIP

There are characters and characters, we meet with
every day,

'Till we'd guess it was intended that we jog along
this way.

Like, there's no mind like another; no two faces
just the same,

And the flesh is not distributed alike on every
frame—

Some were cut out to be sprinters, while some others
couldn't run

If their very lives depended on the way the thing
was done.

More were fashioned for mechanics and a few to
practice law,

With legions for the ministry and more to stack the
straw,

And—well no use to name them all or what they
be about

But there is one special character that we could live
without.

And that's old Mrs. Grundy who is pictured with a
chin

And nose with merely room between to let the
victuals in,

But let the scandals sizz from out like hot escaping
steam

And the more they sizz and sputter why the more
her features beam.

She carries round a "jimmy," with which she is
adept,

To open up the closets where the "skeletons" are
kept,

(And speaking confidential-like, that's 'tween me
and you

'Tis hard to find that closet 'thout a "skeleton" or
two)

And if there's any chance to rehabilitate at all
She does it with artistic taste, that adds much to
the pall.

She has to stretch the ligaments in places, quite a bit;
At other points the "meat" she has can not be made
to fit,

But she fixes up the front, at least, to give it Grundy
tone,

Especially the features, but she leaves the back alone.
Now when this job's completed and she starts to
make display,

'Tis done in tritest fashion and in regulation way.
Then when this work is finished and the devilment
is done

She'll gently thrust this one aside and show another
one

Revamped and reconstructed that it looks as if
brand new;

'Tis shown the "Board of Censorship"—they put
her "latest" through.

So 'tis thus ad infinitum and in ad libitum dose—
Some gulp it by the dozen and some others by the
gross.

Her sphere is of proportions, unrestricted in its scope,
In fact we'd say unlimited" with closets yet to ope.

But! One bright spring-time morning when the
birds were at their best

And the sky was at its brightest from the east unto
the west,

We noticed in the papers that this lady "passed
away"

And we chuckled—"Deo gratias!" and, inwardly
—"Hooray!"

Though this notice ordinarily will rigidly suffice.
We had to see the "evidence"—we saw and said—
"How nice!"

In cases, like above described, we must be circum-spect—

A heavy slab went o'er her grave for fear she'd resurrect.

THE SHOEMAKER

What has become of the old-fashioned lad

Who sat on his bench with his bristles and wax;
Sewing on patches o'er rents that looked bad—

Adjusting half-soles with his pegs and his tacks;
Sitting all day with his legs stiff and numb
Pulling "wax-ends" through the groove in his
thumb;

Taking our measure with card-board and thread
And keeping the measurements, all, in his head?
Keeping? Yes, keeping. We said the thing right,
As we ne'er wore a pair but was either too tight
Or sizes too large, per the wrinkles displayed—
But we'd one satisfaction—"We had our boots
made"

And—too, the leather had come from "Old Pide"—
Tanned on the "sheers" where you give hide for
hide.

We've sat, rainy days, or when business was poor,
And watched this old boy with his whackity-whack,

While his quid of tobacco (a half-ounce or more)
Would furnish saliva, he'd spit through the crack
In the floor, where his heel by close contact wore
through,

For he'd sat in that spot since the lumber was new.
We've sat while he'd tear off the old worn-out sole;
Sat while he'd put his crude patch o'er the hole;
Watched while he'd grab that old curved "blade"
and trim

The sole to right size—which seemed past-time to
him.

List while he'd spin off some yarn or a joke—
While his awl or his hammer would ne'er miss a
stroke.

The "half-soled and heeled" in those days of yore
Was "seventy-five cents"—no less and no more.

He's gone? No, he's here, but in different role;
No "wax-ends" or pegs; awls, bristles or last.
'Course he still chews tobacco and spits through the
hole

But that's about all that remains of the past.
You step in his shop and you yank off your shoe;
His lordship will give it one splendid review,
Then say a few words to a lad shaved and clean
Who stands at a complex electric machine,
Then—"On with the dance"—midst a whirr and a
buzz—

(A difficult problem to guess what he does)
Back comes your shoe like the robins in spring—
Polished, revamped and—well every thing.
No more spinning yarns—and no joke-telling goes
"One twenty-five"—and 'tis brought to a close.
The high cost of living and leather and rent
Explains why he's added this eighty per cent.

THE MAN YOU OWE

Ain't it a peculiar thing as you walk down the street
So neatly haberdashed from the head unto the
feet—

Not wishing (no, far from it) to display your (?)
latest stuff,

But just to look the gentleman and make the proper
bluff—

That the very first man you will meet, and last one
too, we'll trow,

Is the one you'd wished in Proctorville or in old
Jericho—

The man you owe?

You see him and he knows it and you know he sees
you, too;
There is naught to do but face him and it's simply
up to you.
There's no alley-way that you can take and give the
man the slip,
So you pull yourself together and continue on your
trip.
You give a bright "Good morning, Sir!" that sounds
to you so well—
His "Morning!" you interpret, as he means it:
"Go to —!"
 This man you owe.

And the look that he will hand you from his side-
eye as he'll pass
Would pierce the hardest copper-plate or melt a
kiln of glass.
Then he'll lapse into soliloquy and murmur to him-
self—
"That fellow looks as if he had a pocket-full of
pelf!"
And you're taking inventory as you jog upon your
way:
A-thinking "When your ship will dock" so's you can
go and pay
 This man you owe.

Now we can't speak for other folk who sometimes
go in debt,
Who have their statements coming in, that simply
can't be met;
But *we* feel so much better (and our conscience
will not fuss)
When we meet the poor unfortunate who is in
debt to us
Than when we meet this other chap who gives this
killing look

Whom we find it is impossible to dodge by hook or
crook—

This man we owe.

There is sure a Hindu hoo-doo man with magic
wand somewhere,

Who causes those in debt to us to vanish in the air;
For every time we mooch around where they should
be about

The word comes from the typist girl that "All the
men are out!"

We ask her "When will they be back?" she gives
some sharp reply

That very much reminds us of the look that's in the
eye—

Of the man we owe.

"NOTHING TO WEAR"

We're not going to say who she is or is not—

Although it would nowise surprise her;

We merely will tell her unfortunate lot—

In an instant we'll all recognize her.

Our hearts beat in sympathy e'er and anon
For her as she's surely a much troubled one;

She's bowed down like Millet's poor "Man with
the hoe,"

With one special worry—to her the worst woe—

It follows her ever, though skies be so fair;

'Tis this: the poor creature has "Nothing to wear."

She belongs to this club, and this musical set;

She has friends without number about her:

On every program, she's there, you can bet—

They'd not be successful without her.

She is chairwoman here and toastmistress there,
And she fills either place with a dignified air.

She sits in the box when she goes to the show—
At home in the dance or where ever she'll go.

She's twenty full costumes her neighbors declare,
Yet, even at that she has, "Nothing to wear."

The curt invitation comes in right on time—
Had she missed, she'd have felt she'd been slighted—
Of course she must look as she did in her prime;
With herself, she will then be delighted.
But her wardrobe! She can't wear the dress that she wore
When she dined with the Smiths or took tea with Miss Moore;
Nor the one she "bridge-whistled" in out with the Roes;
Nor the one that she "euchred" in up at Aunt Flo's;
Nor the one that she "pokered" in down in Kildare—
It truly is sorrowful—"Nothing to wear."

We've ne'er in our lives seen a cloud anywhere
But some place we'd find on its lining
A streaking of silver; but here we despair—
In her case we fall to repining!
We know that when Gabriel slips 'neath her door
His card for a party on his brightest shore
Where all will be robed in a set of white wings;
A harp and a trumpet and song book—and things
That only belong in his prized land, so fair—
We'll gamble she'll tell him she's—"Nothing to wear."

THE BANKER

The banker stands back of his filigree mesh
With countenance rosy and wisdom so fresh;
Plucking away at his adding machine
Figuring totals on "yellow" and green;"
But, never too busy to turn with a dash
And enter amounts of your checks and your cash;
Then hand back your book with so gracious a mien
That you think you are part of his banking machine.

Business is booming—the silver rolls in;
You'll see it piled up like big stacks of block-tin,
With gold sitting round in an affluent way,
And the greenbacks stacked up like you used to
stack hay.

Cashier and teller and all that you see
Are, well, just as busy as busy can be.
Even the porter is shining the brass—
His manner is that of the Vanderbilt class.

You're wanting some money to purchase a home,
It rolls out as free as the Tiber through Rome.
You've asked for "two-thousand"—your note reads
that way—

You get "eighteen-eighty." Then some one will
say:

"The best thing to do is to leave that amount
With us, thereby starting a checking account."
Of course your "First Mortgage" that's pinned to
your note,

Is "a matter of form" as the banker will quote.

But hark! Something drops! and we read in the
press

That "On the horizon are signs of distress!"

"The mill and the mine and the once busy mart
Are closed, and God only knows when they will
start."

In fact your own job is in jeopardy, too,
And the bank sends you word that "your paper is
due"—

Appended, in script, are these words, trite and staid:
"The directors suggest that your balance be PAID!"

PAID! Then you'll say: "They're not talking
to me!"

"Just wait 'till I see Mister Banker and he
Will merely suggest that I pay what I can
And give a new note on the old-fashioned plan."

But the sunshiny fellow who made you the loan
And took your "First Mortgage" is chill as a stone.
You stare at each other with countenance blank—
And from then you pay rent to the man at the bank.

THE CONFIDENTIAL MONGER

We know you've often met this chap who'll call you
to one side

And tell you on the strictly confidential—
That's after he's informed you that in you he can
confide—

(The latter is his patented essential)

That so and so has happened in his straight-laced
neighborhood

And the good (?) folk are in perfect consterna-
tion—

"Why no one e'er suspected *him*—no reason that
they should,

And *she* was thought the best girl in creation."

"Why *he* sang in the choir, and *she* taught Sunday
School—

But—well there're exceptions to every set rule!"

You'll listen to his story and 'tis hard to understand

Why he should be so worried-like and fretful,
Because you'd often done far worse—then issue this
command

Upon your conscience: "Try and be forgetful!"
As in this case, you bid your much sub-rosaed friend
adieu—

And put his tale aside within a minute—
Too, thinking he had told his silly tale alone to you
You placed it on the file of—"Nothing-in-it."
But by evening the thing had grown to such size
That, think as you would, you could not recognize.

You're mystified. You know he told the story just
to you,

And you know you never breathed it to a human.
This confidential chap had made the rounds and
pledged anew.

Each one to secrecy—both man and woman.
The reason for this secrecy, we afterwards found
out,

Was this: that placing all in pledged condition
Gave him the special privilege to "tote" the stuff
about;

Yes—this was the real essence of his mission.
He gave it to you as a secret profound;
This left a clear field for his passing it round.

OUR BARBER

In his neat, laundered coat and all shaven and shorn,
With his trousers all creased and his shoes shin-
ing bright,

He's right on the job from the earliest morn
'Till the clock clangs "eleven" on Saturday night.
He's always good humored and never seems vexed—
Though he says fifty times in a day—"Who is
next?"

You drop in his chair—he adjusts you just right,
Then he piles on the lather in copious way.
He mentions massages and tonics, at sight,
Then out comes his "blade" and "'tis on with
the fray."

This "blade" gets your "spinaches"—every one—
That is, in the case where the handle stays on.

Now during the time that the shaving is done,
He'll talk, if you're willing, and often if not,
He knows every athlete, and battles he's won;
He's up on the war and how many are shot,

And oftentimes he knows of where no fights were
fought,
But at that there were many who came back "half-
shot."

He knows all news, current—from politics on,
Will talk on religion, O, once in a while;
He knows every prominent man in the town—
He's trimmed his prized locks in his own special
style.
He's there on diplomacy—versatile—coy:
Arguments? Nix—for this foxy old boy.

He's one of the few left, in business or trade
Who'll "tick" with a smile if you haven't the
price;
It ne'er turns a hair when this statement is made—
"See you on Saturday—Put that on ice!"
He's a spoke among spokes in old Industry's wheel—
This knight of the tonics, massages and steel.

IN WRONG, AS USUAL

One time I used to think that when
I'd get enough of cash
I'd be like most of wealthy men—
Cut right in and play smash—
I'd buy a horse and buggy, too,
And drive like folks with money do.

Well, time went by and Fortune smiled
As best she could on me,
Until at length my cash was piled
Up to such a degree
That I could buy a horse and rig—
But—"Traps" were then the style, "By jig!"

I drove that horse and buggy 'round
Amongst those high affairs
Whose rubber tires ne'er made a sound
Along the thoroughfares;

While my old iron-rimmed buggy made
Discordant sounds of highest grade.

I said I'll do the proper thing—
I do not care a rap
If I go broke—along next spring
I'll buy myself a trap—
I did, and to complete my plan—
A pair of bays—a handsome span.

Well, when the wood had doffed the brown
And donned the purest green;
When wild-flow'r's flecked the dell a-down
And song birds sang so keen
To give the God of nature praise,
We hitched the trap—behind those bays.

We drove. The iron-tired buggy like
I owned the year before,
Was seen not once upon the pike,
'Twas now a thing of yore—
But what struck me most queer, perhaps
Was—"What became of all the traps?"

The ones who drove in them last year,
I passed upon the road
In autos of the highest gear—
Thought I, "Well, I'll be blowed
If I ain't out of style again!"
I swore off buying there and then.

My friends would say the autos are
The real thing for joy;
Each trying to sell a special car;
Thinks I, "No, no, my boy!"
I'll never make a change again
Until I buy an aeroplane.

SHE WORE A HOBBLE

She flits up the street,
Looking (she thinks) petite,
And (she thinks) coquetish and pert,
Togged out in a hobble,
Producing a wobble,
Correlative now with her skirt.

Her dashing-like pose,
In a hat to her nose,
Symbolic of Parisian tact—
The boys follow after,
Enveloped in laughter,
Produced by her vaudeville act.

The kids take a look,
And remark, "Get the hook,"
As she nobly rushes along.
The women turn "piker"
(The men are just like her)—
For "lassie" is playing it strong.

If some judge should say
She must tog out this way,
To do public penance or so
And trot twenty squares
Through the main thoroughfares,
What power would drive her to go?

THE JOLLIER

Whenever you meet him, he's always the same,
With a smile playing over his features;
At church or at wedding; at business or game—
He's one of those light-hearted creatures.
He's always adept at extending the hand
And ne'er fails to tell you "You're looking just
grand!"

He asks of your welfare—the folks that are home;
And pleased, you can see, when you mention
That, "All are well, thank you!" His mind will
not roam

While you talk, he is all "at attention."
He never forgets to so happily tell
How "Pleased to have met you," then bids you
farewell.

You say to yourself as you start on your way—
"Jollier, he, to a finish!"
He seems so prolific in nice things to say;
His stock seems to never diminish.
But down in our hearts we will rightly confess
That he did us no harm with his chic cheerfulness.

Harm? No, not he; but the question will rise—
"Did he, or didn't he, mean them?"
He spoke out so frankly and looked, from his eyes,
The truths, with naught thrown in between them.
How far better, he, than the bilious-like lad,
Who greets you with, "Mercy! you're looking so
bad!"

Now, if there is one creature under the sun
Who gets a wide berth, if I see him
First—'tis the dyspeptic, disgruntled one
(I pat my own back when I flee him).
This fellow who weeps when your business is good,
And casts a deep gloom o'er the whole neighborhood.

This fellow who hears of all things to depress;
Of accidents, sicknesses, troubles;
And e'en though we shun him, 'tis sad to confess,
He's legion on legion of doubles.
His brain has no intake for sunshine at all,
But stands out against it, so like a stone wall.

Now, all can accuse me as much as they please,
Of being affected with "jolly;"
I've never said yet to a soul, words like these—
"You're looking so bad;" no, by golly!
For God knows this old world is tough enough,
true.
Without some fool "lobster" a-telling it you.

HE DID WRONG—WE THINK

He'd heard that "Many a flower is born
To blush unseen on the desert air,"
And he heard again, and by some foresworn,
'Tis best to live and to die forlorn,
E'en though it savors of chill despair,
Than to blush where blushes would be seen—
We'd rate his author as "Emerald green."

He'd court the Muse in the deep recess,
Where the song bird sang to soothe his pen;
And his Muse was the one of cheerfulness
And sentiment; who'd guide and bless
The feet and hearts of gracious men
Who'd stop and heed her pure advice—
Then this lad doped it all so nice.

He'd sing where the daisies flecked the dell:
When all the world was hushed and still;
And we hear his songs were rendered well—
All perfect harmony, they tell.

He sang 'bout the time when the whippoorwill
Was wont to sing his notes of joy—
We'd figure the fellow a foolish boy.

He'd dance, and again, we hear, with ease.
His movements were grace personified;
But the dance was done when the evening's breeze
Was chanting its requiems to the trees,
Or about the time when the day had died,

We'd reck his jig was a lonesome dance.
Why not grab a partner and take a chance?

He died, and like all he was put away,
Snug and safe in his earthly bed;
And the words of praise that were sung that day
Of him, were the greatest and best—but say!
The subject for all this praise was dead.
Had he raised the bushel from off his light
In life he'd have measured the thing just right.

Now we don't believe in the loud bazoo
That bellows and bleats as a "Know-it-all;"
Nor we don't approve of the main gazoo
Whose set opinions are right and true
In every case. But we would install
A method by which when you've learned your book,
Pass it on so's the others may have a look.

CIRCUS DAY

Along 'bout thirty days ago,
When Barnum billed the town,
And said they'd be here May thirteenth
With elephant and clown;
Equestrienes and acrobats
And trapeze-folk galore—
I said—"No. Nix on circuses—
I've seen them oft before."

My friends would question, time to time,
In meeting by the way,
If I was going to see the show—
Of course on circus day,
And to each questioner I'd give
The answer sure but slow,
And that was in one single word—
A firm, emphatic "No!"

Well, May thirteenth, like other dates,
Arrived right bang on time,
I watched the thoroughfares grow dense
With folks from every clime;
From babies to grand-pas and dames,
Of every hue and shade,
All lined along the curb to watch
The "Circus Day parade."

I heard the band; I forged my way
To where I'd get a view;
I heard the herald sound approach
And watched the whole thing through.
I saw the gilded carriages
With mirrors—big and wide,
And bands on top dispensing airs
With discords on the side.

I saw regaliaed elephants
And hump-backed camels, too;
And our beloved Uncle Sam
In red and white and blue.
I watched the handsome uniforms;
I saw a Hindoo queen—
Whose name would sound, if spoken right,
Like Brennan or Killeen.

I saw the boys with lariat,
And girls (?) in gaudy clothes—
In spite of all I stood stock still
Ejaculating "Noes!"
And saying that I would not go
If price was but a cent,
But when I heard the cali-ope
I fell from grace and—went.

THE TUBE-SKIRT'S PASSING

How dear are the things that the fashions deny us,
When fond recollection presents them to view—
For instance: The “tube-skirt” that hung on the
bias

And curtailed as much as the dressmakers knew.
The boot-slit, displaying, so unsentimental,

A crisp bit of silk, from blood-red to sky-blue,
And others of course of the barred oriental
And sewed to the skirt at the top of the shoe.

But, step-halting “tube-skirt,” dear hobbledy “tube-skirt,”

Dame Fashion decides we must bid you adieu.

How often we've lingered when cars were receiving
Miladies of statures from thick to the thin—
“As poised on the curb” we would never be leaving
Till all the dear ladies were seated within.

The curt panorama that passed 'fore our vision

Of cottons and silks and the “hole-proof” and all
Is left with the past with one fell-swooped decision—

The “hobble” passed out on the last day of Fall.
The cute little “hobble,” the funnel-shaped “hobble”
That figured so proudly at sea-shore and ball.

They send, in its stead, the “full-gored” and “By Jingo!”

It takes twice the goods as the yard-stick will show,

And while we're poor-versed in the dressmaker's lingo

We'll take this one chance on what little we know;
“The thing is out-landish, that is for fat people!

“And as for the thin it will hang like a rag!

“Look 'bout like a canvas thrown over a steeple,

“And when in the wind will be like a gas-bag!”
So, so long, Miss Hobble, to you and your “wobble”—

We're clearing the decks for the one with the drag.

PLAY BALL

Same old bug has started working,
We can feel it in our veins;
And our whole frame gets to jerking
As we listen to the strains,
Poured forth by these "pink-sheet" writers
As they jot in prose or sing
Of these husky diamond fighters—
The true harbingers of spring
They have had an uphill battle
Hunting "dope" since 'way last fall;
But no more 'tis simple prattle—
"Tis the real thing—"PLAY BALL."

We have surely had some weather,
Since Sir Groundhog came, at least;
From the city to the heather,
North, and west and south and east,
We've had ad libitum blizzards
That have tested well our frame,
But we find we've improved gizzards
Since the tidings of the game.
Sure enough we're tired of freezin'
Men and women—one and all
And we're longing for the season
And the day we hear "PLAY BALL."

Most all folk have special hobbies,
Some have this and some have that;
From the wise guy of the lobbies
To the wrestler on the mat.
This lad's bugs about the ponies;
This one has the auto craze;
This one and his boat are cronies;
This one loves the tango's lays:
But for us just blast your tennis,
Golf and boats and cars and all—
Sit us down with Fritz and Dennis
Where we'll hear 'em yell "PLAY BALL!"

Place us back of "third" and seated
On a cushion hard as stone.
When the warming up's completed
And the game is rightly on;
Peanut bag and score card handy,
Watching fouls and muffs and flies,
Hearing speils from Pat and Sandy
As they guy the batteries.
Should dear Gabriel sit down by us,
Whisper in our ear his call,
We would ask him not deny us
Say just one more game of ball.

THE OFFICE SPITTOON

We had a spittoon near the stove—a full twelve inches wide,
At that the boys would miss the thing and spit around the side.
So one day we philosophised and took our yard-stick out
And measured from the farthest splash to farthest splash about,
It showed two feet from splash to splash and so we then set in
And had the tinner make us one from strongest Welsh block-tin.
We had the porter scrub the tile till it shone bright once more;
We then hauled in the latest build and sat it on the floor.
But Fate is Fate, no doubt of that, the two-feet-wide one failed—
The boys cut in with broad-side splash and all en masse assailed
It 'fore and aft, 'till by the night, tobacco juice ran down
Its sides the same as had it been the smallest one in town.

We drew on our resourcefulness to improvise a plan
By which we could devise a scheme and not insult
the clan,
But place *some* thing they couldn't miss and right
within their aim,
Yet trying all suggested things, they missed them
just the same.
We bought a tub, a galvanized, 'twas billed as
"Number One;"
'Twould hold 'bout thirty gallons, and when full,
would weigh a ton.
But same old tale, for 'round the rim that rested on
the floor
The nicotine would ooze and stick like everything
before.
So out it went. Out went the stove. We put the
steam-heat in.
We put no tubs or pans whereat the large spittoons
had been.
We had some big signs painted, and we placed them
in a frame—
"No spitting in this place allowed"—they spitted
just the same.
They'd spit behind the heater, and they'd spit along
the wall,
They'd spit smack in the corners where we couldn't
clean at all.
At length we took the twelve-inch ones that we
took out at first,
And put them back—hung up this sign—"Gol dern
ye, do ye're worst!"

THE HOLIDAY GRIN

Isn't it queer at this time of the year
We cast off all cunning and wileing
And join with the rest with a smile that's our best
And just keep on smiling and smiling?
There's something, and not hard to find out just
where

For 'tis wafted and wafted about in the air,
That causes us all to be child-like again
And act like (as God ordained) women and men.

We jog down the street and we never once meet
With one whom we'd class as a rowdy,
As cheer fills the air, on the street—everywhere—
While we smile and come out with our "Howdy."
Why folks that at other times, scarcely we know,
And those who're our debtors and those whom we
owe

Display the same grin of the artless-like kind
The ear-to-ear grin with no motive behind.

Now take Mister Grump, that dyspeptic old trump,
Who knocks things from here to the Isthmus,
He's rightly aglow as his phisog will show,
And this is the reason: 'Tis Christmas.
And too, the tight landlord who'd take our last cent
(And that in advance) for his coveted rent,
Is beaming and happy and chipper-like, too,
'Till you'd think the poor fellow was human—
like you.

And the knitted-browed suff, with that equal-right
stuff,
Displays a benignity, never
Seen through the year but she's chock-full of cheer,
How nice could she stay thus forever!
So since we're all wearing this hallowed smile
Let's hold to it always—not once in a while.
To start with, let's all make one catch-as-can try
To hold it 'till after the Fourth of July.

"YOU'RE LOOKING FINE"

You'll sometimes meet this character, the fellow
with the smile,
Who grabs it January first and holds it all the while;
Whose hand-shake is a remedy for aches and pains
and ills,
Redoubling with more real good than salts or liver
pills.
This lad who's cornered sunshine when the corner-
ing was good;
Who's loved by all from young to old in every
neighborhood
For this reason: he is happy and he makes us happy,
too
When he hands this message to us that's a help to
me and you—
 “You're looking fine!”

You meet him, from the morning, to the latest hour
of night,
Though other folks look gloomy he's the essence of
delight.
His philosophy is this sort: “When a thing is done
it's done.”
“What's the use to hunt carbolic or a big blue-
barreled gun.”
“Though the sun today is hidden, on the morrow
it will shine;”
“Be game and try it over or you're not a friend of
mine,”
And we heed him and start over as his friendship
we'd not lose
For we mustn't miss this greeting when we're
troubled with the blues—
 “You're looking fine!”

We've often met this fellow when our pulse was
beating low;
When our step, once so vivacious, was unsteady like
and slow;
When we knew our cheeks were hollow and our
skin a saffron hue,
And our conscience hinting to us that our Charon-
trip is due;
While the other folk who'd meet us would pass on
with looks askance
When they'd note our neck's proportions and the
bagging in our pants.
They could have said, e'en though they fibbed,
"Old boy you're getting there"
But no, they're not built that way. But we see our
friend and hear—
 "You're looking *fine!*"

Again, we've seen him meet the one with one foot
in the grave
And the other mighty close it—just a walking round
to save
Expenses of a funeral and trying to circumvent
The old gent of the hour-glass and the scythe, on
mischief bent—
But this makes no special difference to him of sunny
way
He'd tell him of a ball game that he saw just yester-
day,
Or of a little poker stunt in which he held four
kings
'Gainst some other boys' four aces. Then he'd say
mongst other things—
 "You're looking *fine!*"

Perhaps it may sound foolish when we say this lad
is right;
He who hands us all this "jolly," but we cash the
thing at sight

And that without a discount. Then we court his
debt again,
For what are we but children who have merely
grown to men!
Though our whiskers may have bulk enough to
make a butcher's mop,
And our pate be like a boulevard, and glossy on
the top;
And our wisdom be as sagey as old Aristotle's dare,
We are always glad to meet this lad who shoots
right on the square—

"You are looking fine."

THE EXPECTED LETTER

I'm looking for a letter from a chum who borrowed
ten,

And promised to return it "Sunday week."
I've written and re-written asking o'er and o'er
again

To send the ten and stop my losing streak.
He hasn't yet "acknowledged" and I fear he never
will

Unless perchance a postal-card to say—
"I owe you—still."

I'm hoping for *no* letter—though I know that
one is due.

It comes. A printed statement. And "To wit"—
"We itimize your buying on the inclosed 'Billy do'
And stenciled on the bottom—"Please remit!"'

I'd like to walk right in that place with check to
square the bill—

But I'll have to telephone them that
"I owe them—still."

I'm waiting for a letter from the folks at home—
sweet home!

I asked them send me fifty—p-d-q—

They told me I'd go busted when I started out to
roam—

But the letter? Well—the letter's over due.
And I fancy when I get it 'twill contain a dollar
bill;
And penned before the signature these words—
“We love you—still.”

I'm looking for a letter from a girl who loves me
true.

I asked her write upon a certain day.
I know that letter 'll reach me sure as one plus one
makes two.

Unless the mail should chance to go astray.
She never disappointed and I know she never will.
And this is why I pen before my name—
“I love you still!”

I'm looking for a letter from an uncle—growing
old,

And I've been named in honor of him, too;
Of course I always reckoned when he'd die I'd get
his gold—

But the letter says—“With best regards to you!
I was married last September to the belle of Centre-
ville”—

And the old scamp has the nerve to sign—
“WE love you—Bill!”

I'm looking for a letter from my firm about my pay;
That reads about increasing of my wage—
I get one—but it's framed O, just so opposite—and
say!

The boss must be in one terrific rage.
He says—“Dig up more business and more cash!”
And then his quill
Jots down—“Get out and hustle or
“We'll 'can' you, Bill!”

BRYAN'S RESIGNATION

We can't see why they chew about
Bill Bryan's resignation;
We're sure 'twill bring no changes in
The complex situation.
'Tis just another stunt of his,
So void of bad intentions,
Alike indeed the ones he's pulled
At different conventions.

We all recall his "Cross of Gold,"
He sprung out in Chicago,
And did it with an eloquence
Outrivaling Iago.
His "Ginst Our Flag on Foreign Shores,"
And used in nineteen hundred.
His "Ownership of Railroads" when
So many said he blundered.

We mind how, down in Baltimore,
He flayed the Clarks and Ryans,
The Belmonts and all Tammany—
Well, all these things are Bryan's.
And though he's out, pro tem, awhile,
We'll worry not a minute,
He'll bob serenely some fine day
And be right strictly in it.

The "Note" is sent to Germany,
(We hope 'twill prove entrancing)
Signed and sealed, officially
By Secretary Lansing.
Suppose the whole dang cabinet
Resign—who'd care! This nation
Has thousands others "just as good"
To "grasp the situation."

DER JITNEY

The Jitney car is with us, where both constant and
the fickle,
Can do the a la millionaire for one small, paltry
nickle.
They race our streets and avenues for everything
that's in it—
It seems to us that one goes by 'bout every other
minute.
In fact our eye seems jitneyized or else it's sadly
failing:
All autos look like jitneys, and we've done some
awkward hailing,
And got some mighty wicked looks from orbs erst-
while so pleasant
(The kind you see in picture books but transformed
some at present).

We've scanned the passengers who ride by this
cheap transportation—
All creeds and cults and clans and race—from all
walks in creation:
Hans and Abe and Jack and Pat, and all a-looking
dandy;
Sary Jane and Amaria from up along the Sandy;
The nabob and the plebian; the gambler and the
preacher;
Our candidates for office and our Sunday school's
best teacher—
They all enjoy the auto's chug—no matter what the
weather—
Up in front or in the rear—"cheek be jowl" to-
gether.

We like the smell of gasoline and sniff of heated
babbitt,
And those who jitney long enough are sure to get
the habit.

We'll skimp a trifle here and there—say cut our
booze a little,
And chop the luxuries and put more cabbage in the
“kettle.”
And praise the patch that's neatly put upon our
Sunday breeches
Then in this way accumulate until our store of
riches
Has reached the size where we can buy a car that
is a hummer,
Then while the rest are going some, while we'll
be going some'er.

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

Jevver rear back in a well-cushioned seat,
With cigar working right, so refreshing and sweet,
With your hat in the rack and a brace for your feet
On the first out-bound train in the morning?
Now your stomach is feeling so cozy and fine,
Your conscience is clear and your heart right in
line,
Your newspaper filled with the stories you crave
In the “Land of the free and the home of the
brave”—

Then, without a herald or warning,
Some lobster will give you a slap on the back
With a hand like a ham and a crash without knack
And pass you a guffawish “How do you do?”
(As if he'd a fatherly interest in you)
And “Where are you going?” And then he will flop
Himself by your side and commence talking shop.

Of course you will tell him you're feeling quite
mean;
That you're bound for Paducah or old Bowling
Green
Two hundred miles off, and you'd hoped in be-
tween
This point and your fixed destination

To snatch a short nap that you'd thought would
refresh
Your mind and your limbs and your bones and your
flesh
And thereby feel better when you would arrive
At the end of your journey that evening at five—
Then work so befitting your station.
But hint as you will, it is all of no use;
It falls like the rain from the back of a goose.
And the lad with the slap and the shop sits serene:
He's bound for Paducah or old Bowling Green.
He makes himself easy and sits by your side,
Is so entertaining (?) the whole of the ride.
The news that you wanted to read is unread
And the nap—well the nap never entered your head.

"YOU'RE LOOKING BAD"

Jevver meet this character—this "fellow" that we'd
guess
His stomach or his liver had gone out of busi-ness.
This "fellow" who's been leader of the anvil-chorus
long,
Whose special occupation is to see that things go
wrong.
This "fellow" whom you're bound to meet 'bout
twenty times a day
And every time he'll stop you and come at you this
a-way—
 "You're looking bad."

Of course. We knew you met him—but just stop
a minute please—
This "fellow" as we called him isn't limited to "he's,"
For in these days of "equal-rights," and other things
to vex,
This "fellow" isn't limited to either special sex—
For we've oft seen Mrs. Lady Bug who's built the
self-same way,

And morning, noon or evening she's this "cheerful"
line to say—

"You're looking bad."

We've often met this fellow when our blood was
running red;

Could turn a dozen flip-flops without lighting on
our head;

Could bowl, on any alley, say at least two-ninety-
nine,

And knew without a shade of doubt that we were
looking fine—

But down the street comes "Bilious" and the very
first danged thing,

Comes out this trite expression that we've heard
from spring to spring—

"You're looking bad."

Now, we wish bad luck to no one and we hope we
never will;

But this "fellow" gets our "goatie" from the "Billy
goatie hill."

And we know that you'll excuse us when the truth
to you we tell,

We've often wished this "fellow" was in Catletts-
burg or—. Well

This thought, too's a depraved one, we confess,
but here we state—

Won't Saint Peter fix this "fellow" as he'll whine
in through the gate—

"You're looking bad."

AUTO "FILOSOFY"

We never owned a limosine or any other car,
And hardly think we ever will, while things stay
as they are.

We never look with covet'ness or envy in our eye
Whene'er we see some fortunate in auto whizzing by.

We've often wondered what was paid for this and
that machine,
And what it costs to keep it up: for tires and
gasoline
And manifold accessories it needs from time to
time—
Then hazard this: "We hardly think he earned it
writing rhyme!"

We've oft times tried to figure just about the way
we'd feel
A-driving our own auto with our own hand on the
wheel
And puncturing the ozone as we'd spin along
through space
And just about how long 'twould take to get the
"motor face."
Too, we'll confess, the smell of burning gasoline to
us
Makes us rockefellerish and vanderbiltish—plus.
We like to see the 'phone poles pile up like a fine-
tooth comb,
But, so far, we have either walked or took a street-
car home.

We've stood upon the corner as we'd watch the
cars go by;
We've listened to the comments of the boys a-foot,
like I;
We've heard them cuss and damn the rich, who
ride in the machine,
E'en though, perhaps, their uncle was supplying
gasoline,
And, though a hundred thousand men are working
with a might
Turning out these autos, with orders yet in sight.
But we've made the men a study and we find them
all alike,
They all enjoy the "high spots" as they "jog along
the pike."

Another thought (pathetic one) that lingers in our
mind
As we see these monsters whizzing by a-burning up
the wind,
Or hear their owners boasting how "she rides without
out a jar,"
Is: "My, the job the poor cuss had a-selling that
fine car!"
How they'd stall around, connivingly, to beat him
down in price,
'Till his profit wouldn't half way pay his bill for
one month's ice.
There seems a parasitic streak, in most all human-
kind—
And those who're born without it seem to trail
along behind.

NOT LIKE I USED TO DO

I often question—"What is wrong?"
I find I cannot jog along
The way I used to do.
While music sounds to me more sweet,
It does not seem to stir my feet
The way it used to do.
To sit a-through a two-step now
Puts no chafed wrinkles in my brow
The way it used to do.
A broken date with lady fair
Will cause no tearing of the hair
The way it used to do.
I'm not as fond of oyster fries;
Nor do I munch those hot mince pies
The way I used to do.
I do not like the center rush,
Where all are getting "in the push,"
The way I used to do.
I note when ten o'clock rolls 'round
My bed and I at peace are found—
Not like we used to do

A shoe of ease, is just the thing;
The "latest last" no more will bring
 The joy it used to do.
I worry not of styles in hats;
Nor blending-with-your-suit cravats
 The way I used to do.
If my "best" coat and pants are whole—
That's all I ask—(Contented soul!)
 Not like I used to do.

Shows may come and shows may go.
Opera stars like Ca-ru-so
Move me not. And circus days
Appear enveloped in a haze.

Bands may play, and songsters sing;
Fire alarms may ring and ring,
Fourths of old July may hum,
(Baseball games may stir me some—)
The preacher's talk of Kingdom Come
 Is all that worries me.

I asked the sage about all these:
He answered, "Beg your pardon, please!
But to this morbid, doleful rhyme,
The answer is—"Old Time! Old Time!"

HE'S ALWAYS FIRST

We know you've met this laddy-buck, if not you
 must be blind;
This lad who's always right in front and never
 back behind;
This lad who's first one through the stile at every
 baseball game
And first one out and on the car—to get there seems
 his aim.
He knows exactly where the car door's going to
 open wide;
He's first one on the platform, and of course the
 first inside.

A dozen women may stand round with babies in
their arms—
He's looking out the window at the buildings or the
farms.

He's first one into the hotel to register his name;
He's first one in the dining-room and first, of
course to blame
The waiter for his "snail-like pace," and first to
raise his voice
In protest 'gainst the victuals served, should he
not get the choice.
He's first to leave and knows just when—(the time
his waiter's out)—
This makes him first to dodge the tip that we all
kick about.
He's first—well why grow tiresome when you know
thé chap we mean,
May his tribe show a decrease is a wish, with us
serene.

'Tis queer about this fellow—how he does these
stunts with ease—
If we should ever tackle them we'd join right in the
squeeze.
We can't recall of sitting in a car unless, mayhap
Some folk may think us sitting when we're hanging
to a strap.
We can't remember when we got a room at a hotel
Except the one you back from when they ring the
breakfast bell.
Our memory's hazy 'bout the time we e'er sat in a
pew
Just made for five—but ours had six—the one in
front held two.

We'll bet a Lincoln penny, on the final Judgment
Day
When we're turned loose, this lad will be the first
to lead the way.

And when the good Saint tells him that his record
isn't straight
And points across the highway towards the eleva-
tor's gate
That opens just to those who're not entirely cleansed
from sin
As soon's the gate is opened he will be the first one in.
He knows for once he's last one out, he'll neither
push nor shove—
He hopes the lower place is full, with "rooms to
let" above.

ALL THE WHILE

Some people talk on panic—
All the while,
'Till with them 'tis quite organic,
All the while.

They will say that "money's tightening
In a way that's simply frightening!"
E'en though the skies are brightening—
All the while.

They will talk on "money market"
All the while,
And hunt up the things to dark it
All the while.

They'll spring all things in creation
And then charge the situation
To the new administration—
All the while.

They'll damn the men with money
All the while

Who "live on milk and honey"
All the while.

They'll cuss the cashiers and the tellers
From the cornices to cellars,
Though they'd all be Rockefellers—
All the while.

Now as to our own condition
 All the while,
We've held just the same position
 All the while—
There's no need we should deny it
Though the "long green" all ran riot
Our "money markets" quiet
 All the while.

THE MUSTACHE'S RETURN

Away back in the misty past, when whiskers flourished thick and fast,
And almost every man you'd meet would have them good and strong;
We boys would look with longings to the day that our bunch would be due
And tease our upper lip a bit to help the crop along—
'Till, finally, with pride and dash, we had a full-fledged man's mustache.

Whene'er we'd go to see our girl, we'd have the barber wax a curl
On each end so's to have us look, the dashing cavalier,
But some one spread this thing around—"Mustaches with microbes abound!"
And one by one we parted with our matadorish dear.
Our girls made no kick 'gainst the change, but loved us, closer—not so strange.

But now we note they're coming back—the purest blonde and ultra black—
Though not the same prolific brush as in our sporty day.
They look as if they had the gripe, the way they half way fill the lip—
It may be just "consignment one," the balance on the way.
We much prefer the olden style—large and full and worth the while.

THE COLLECTOR

He raps on the door in a way you'd suppose
The best friend on earth is in waiting outside;
Or the boy with the message to quickly disclose
That your long-lost "rich uncle" in Klondike has
died,
Leaving a fortune—a million or two—
In cash, and he's no other heir, only you.

You rush to the door with a "Tea-party" smile
That speaks of prosperity, comfort and wealth;
And air-castles piercing the clouds all the while:
Consisting of "sea-shore" and "places of health"—
Autos and servants and hotels—the best;
Your cares and your troubles are marked up—"At
Rest!"

But! "How do you do?" says the man with the
"bills"—
"I'm here to collect your account long past due!"
You need not complain of hard-times or your ills,
That is, if your tale isn't perfectly true,
For this gent with the statements has heard every
woe
And knows if you're telling a falsehood or no.

He's there to collect and you may as well "dig"
If you have it in bank or encased in your hose,
Though it takes your last penny, he cares not a fig,
As his living depends on the old debts he'll close.
There's no use to cuss and give vent to your wrath,
For then, 'tis "the Squire" as the last aftermath.

We've oftentimes thought: 'If the spirit we've here
Continues as ours when we've ferried the Styx!'
If so, for this lad we have no little fear,
For the habit acquired may put him in a fix,
Unless he, for once will be quite circumspect
He'll say to Saint Peter—"I'm here to collect!"

UNCLE HENRY TALKS ON SERMONTS

Pick up yer daily papers an' scan their pages o'er—
Sermons, sermons, sermons—by the dozen an' the
score:

On this text frum the Bible an' this un frum the law,
An' myriads ov others frum no place I ever saw.
Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, an' on, on through
the week,

Yer always in a radius where some un's due to
speak.

An' tisn't jest the mornin's but at every hour ov day,
These fellers with their sermons air jest bound to
fire away;

Until their words air scattered to the winds like so
much chaff

An' hev about as much effect 's a "movie" phonograf.

They've got their wisdom twisted shore ez you're a
sittin' there,

There's never much accomplished where they use too
much hot air.

A little bit is wholesome when a feller's growin'
cool

But too much spiles the temper jest the same ez too
much school,

Or too much anything at all, is worse'n not enough:
Ye kin spile a stone by cuttin' 'till it's less'n in the
rough;

Ye kin sharp a scythe so keen—like that the edge will
bend an' break,

An' there's sich a thing ez puttin' too much sugar
in yer cake—

There wuz never sayin' truer, cut from out the
primest cloth,

About "too many cooks a-always spilin' ov the
broth."

I like the old-time system when we'd meet jest onct
a week,
Where we'd hev a lot ov prayin' an' then hear the
preacher speak;
Then, sing the "Rock ov Ages" an' the "Royal
Diadem"—
"Abide with Me" an' so forth, an' every one a gem.
An' say 'bout every second year jest fetch the sinners
in,
Along with them 'at back-slid, an' work 'em o'er
agin.
Then settle down to business when the plowin' time
wuz good
An' see jest who could prosper most around the
neighborhood.
Then when we'd feel like singin' jest yank our
hymnal down
An' "Glory Hallelujah" 'till the old hills would
resoun'—
Americans will listen jest so long—an' though they
stay
Fer manners—they're listenin', but listenin' tother
way.

"WHEN YOU AND ME WERE BOYS"

I met a fellow yesterday I knew long, long ago,
And then he had it on me, say a dozen years or so.
I mind when first I voted back in eighteen ninety-
two,
His whiskers were 'bout like the ones I picture Esau
grew.
He was candidate for Justice of the Peace that very
year
Was running round the precinct like an old elec-
tioneer.
We've called him "Squire" from that time on as his
majority
Was safe, as per the tally-sheet, and figured "23."

We had a shake hands when we met and midst the
talk and noise
His topic of discussion was—"When you and me
were boys!"

We went to school together in the old-time common
way;
While I was in my "a-b-c's" he ciphered algebra.
I recall his commencement day—I wore my red-
topped boots,
And waist of mother's make and one of her best
handmade suits.
He gave the "valedictory" while I looked on with
awe,
And counted him, 'The smartest chap that I had
ever saw.'
He married Katie Simmons when I was in "Fourth
Grade"—
I was present at the wedding—no, I mean the sere-
nade.
But now I note the thing that he most thoroughly
enjoys
Is telling other folks about, "When him and me
were boys!"

Now he may prate the way he will, I know how
old I am,
And far as that's concerned don't give a Continental
dam.
But the danger point about the thing is this: when
at the ball
And I am doing "Bunny-hugs" and "Turkey-trots"
and all,
He might be there, and doing the old wall-flower
stunt complete,
And watching for the defects in my limbs and in
my feet,
And noting just how agile I cavort around the floor,

'Bout like the way he used to do when he was forty-four,
Then do the thing he shouldn't do—that's strike a
verbose poise,
And tell the girls—yet on my card—of "When us
two were boys."

TOMORROW'LL BE FAIR

We've heard people say, in a thoughtless-like way—
"This world's a contrary old place!"

And they furthermore add: "This old globule is
bad!"

"The worst we e'er knew!" In this case
We ask just one question—if this is the worst
Pray mention the others in which you are versed.

We know there are times when the sweetest of
chimes

Grate like the cracked ferry-bell's tone;
And the handsomest lass isn't seen as she'll pass
(This, perhaps, when we're planning a loan)
And how oft have we sat at the table so rich
With the choicest of food, we'd prefer a sandwich.

Again, there are days when the birds' softest lays
Fall flat as the discordant note;
When the bloom on the trees throw their sweet
scents a-breeze,

To clog like a lump in our throat.
But these days to us never smack of despair,
We have one set maxim—"Tomorrow'll be fair."

For then, we'll have hours with the birds and the
flowers,

Whether in chill December or June;
As the thrush and the lark are for bright skies and
dark

And we wheedle ourselves into tune.
This morbid-like stuff isn't built on the square—
Just live with the hope that—"Tomorrow'll be fair."

THE HUMAN YARD STICK

Jevver notice as you jog along the Road of Life
Doing your full quota for a victory in the strife;
Working hard from morning to the setting of the
sun

And then next day pitch in as if your work had
just begun?

You go to church on Sunday—and sing tenor in
the choir.

You meet your obligations in a way that all admire.
Your charities are legion—your gift-hand never
slow—

You always have kind words for all—best charity
we know!

But no one ever pats your back and tells you just
how good

You did this thing or that thing in your own home
neighborhood.

And should some fond admirer speak so favor'bly of
you—

The answer could be well construed to mean—"I
guess he'll do!"

You have one chief besetting sin—perhaps that one
is "rum,"

The stuff that makes some wealthy and puts others
on the bum;

The stuff that makes the sellers, if successful,
mighty rich,

But takes the main consumers and prostrates them
in the ditch.

Now you've been good for O, so long—you've done
your duties well—

Yet no one ever sings your praise, or of your virtues
tell,

But! fall from-off the "water-van" and hit old
"rum" a crack

Though you're a thousand miles from home the
news will beat you back.

And when you've "rounded to" and "right side up
with care" why then
You'll get more "heart-to-hearts," and this: "You've
fallen off again."
Your virtues may be numberless—your vices only
one—
But by this *one* you're measured, when the meas-
uring is done.

MY LOST (?) UMBRELLA

I had a silk umbrella once—'twas silk, of highest
grade,
Guaranteed as such, and, too, "Fast Colors, will
not fade."
It had my monogram in script upon a silver plate;
Silk tassels, fast to silken cords, made handsomely
to mate
With splendid goods and workmanship that made
best harmony—
'Twas given as a present—that's how it got to me.

I had another one at home, "Fast Black," (the day
'twas sold)
But kept on growing jaundiced as it kept on grow-
ing old.
'Twas only used on rainy days, and did its turn
quite fine,
And no one ever questioned if 'twas borrowed, or
'twas mine.
I kept the silk one to be used to make the right
display
At some swell ball or function that, sometime might
come my way.

It came. I dressed from shoe to tile in all the
"duds" I had;
All shaved and shorn, the glass displayed me look-
ing—"not so bad."

I took my silk umbrella down—the taxi came on time,

It took me to the banquet hall where all were looking prime

My overcoat and hat were hung upon an idle hook,
The silken gift was hung just back—I had a second look.

When the courses all were finished and the speakers all were through

I tarried, just a little, which is always right to do,
That is when you've been "on the bill" to do a special turn,

(This tarrying stunt is done because you always like to learn

Just "how you took") I then strolled out to don my things and go—

My coat and hat were there—but my prized umbrella? No!

I have a handsome friend who spent that evening at the hall—

Initials that could look like mine, when monogrammed and all.

He has a silken "shower-stick" that does one good to see—

I know just how and where 'twas got, and likewise, so does he.

But the other yellow comrade that I carried when 'twould rain

Will still be doing service 'till I get a gift again.
And I'll gamble one plugged nickel, should that cherished day e'er come

That he who swipes my "parachute" will have to figure some.

THE MICROBIC KISS

We're told there're microbes in the kiss;
And scientific chaps have said
That we should stop this act of bliss
And just say "How-de-do" instead.
They tell us the deceitful germ
Lies lurking in the nectar;
Just waiting its right to confirm,
Like any other deadly worm,
That brings its awful spectre.
They hold aloof the woeful tales
To knock the wind from out our sails.

They tell us how the hand-shake e'en
Is not the safest thing to do;
That parasites may "vent their spleen"
By transferring to me or you—
Some dreadful malady; say, like
The smallpox or consumption;
As none can tell where these may strike—
Then, why not build the proper dyke
And work on the presumption
That shaking hands is bad enough—
But osculation! Horrid stuff!

Now, we like science pretty well,
And bank a whole lot on its say;
But when it sounds the kiss's knell
We start to dope another way;
We knew these lads who looked askance
And wondered 'bout the nectar.
Being safe to take a chance
Without the approved cognizance
Of some professed inspector.
These chaps died young. Their love-springs dried;
And no one mourned them when they died.

Experience in any line
Does teach us in the best degree;

And we come out plunk, and decline
This microbistic theory;
And say we know a little bit
Of kisses smacked at random;
And tell of those that we've seen fit
To get by way of perquisite
(The sort delivered tandem),
And—well, we're big and strong, you bet,
And b'lieve in osculation yet.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

I had a pain one time, you know;
Not one of these that come and go
But one that proved a sticker.
And every one I met would tell
To me the dope to make me well
From epsom's salts to liquor.
Each made me think his cure was right—
I'd always take a dose that night.

The pain waxed on from bad to worse;
Sometimes I'd pray, again I'd curse,
Till I grew chill and placid.
I then consulted Doctor Brown,
Who told me I was "all run down"
And "full of uric acid."
He told me what I must not eat
To bring about a cure complete.

I mustn't tackle pork or lamb;
Must draw the line on cheese and ham
And any and all fishes.
A little beef—say once a day—
Browned 'till the juice had cooked away.
Must cut out all those dishes
Containing starch. The things I'd eat—
Just vegetables, sour or sweet.

I slipped around to Doctor Smith,
Who called Doc Brown a "cave-man myth"
 Regarding diagnosis.
He told me eat what e'er I'd please
Of ham and lamb and beef and cheese
 As I'd tuberculosis.
And as that meant—well all know what—
To cut my food was tommyrot.

I then said sadly to myself,
Here's where I blow my stock of pelf
 For this or that I'd fancy
Along the eating line. And, too,
I'll hit a little "Special" brew
 E'en though it make me dancy.
I started in, and "first dash out"—
Tried beer and beans and tripe and kraut.

Now after gorging 'till my straps
Were let out quarter-foot perhaps,
 I called a cab and mentioned
To the bunch who saw me go—
"Here's where I quit this earth below
 Though truly unintentioned."
I thought when morning's bees would hum
That I would be in Kingdom Come.

The morning came, I heard the call
Of "Breakfast's ready, one and all!"
 And coming with much bossage,
I rose and dressed and felt first-rate.
I piled fried spuds upon my plate,
 With buckwheat cakes and sausage.
My folks who watched would sort o' chide
Me 'long the lines of suicide.

Now this was years and years ago;
So long my mem'ry fails to know
 Exactly. And I'm truthful

When I tell you that from that day
I ate whatever came my way;
And while I am not youthful
I feel I'm very much alive
Though verging on towards forty-five

JEVVER MOVE?

Jevver move? Now I don't mean
If some policemen tells you to
Or, move because he's after you
Or move when some high-power machine
Is 'bout to catch you near the spleen
Because its course you'd disapprove:
The question asked is—"Jevver move?"

I did. And in strict confidence
I want to sympathize with those
Who've packed their kitchenware and clothes;
Beds and bedding—ornaments
Of big and little consequence;
Window-trimmings; curtains; blinds,
And bric-a-brac—a hundred kinds.

Then tear your wardrobe all apart;
Unscrew the dresser mirrors. Fine!
And washstands follow next in line.
Now, pack the books you know by heart
With others, you've ne'er seen the start.
Take up the carpets; beat them too—
So, far as tearing up, you're through.

On comes the boys with moving-van
And grab your treasured furniture,
With grabs no mortal could endure,
Then, 'cording to their latest plan,
Out 'long the curb, so's all may scan
From stem to stern just what you've got—
Piano, on to cooking-pot.

Next, to the new (?) house 'round the square,
Your treasured heirlooms onward jog;
Whereat they're piled, en masse—agog,
While you look calmly (?) on and swear,
And yank your fast departing hair
To think where this or that was packed—
At length, give up, demoniaced.

No use to dilate further here
On putting things in place once more,
For that well follows. But before,
Again in this role I appear
I'll jump this cussed hemisphere
And go to dear old Zululand
Where bamboo tents are simply grand.
And where, to be in latest style—
Adjust your belt, and sweetest smile.

BOOKS LENT, BUT—?

We had a book—a cheap affair—it cost a dollar—three.
We bought it from a “Second-Hand” in Washington, D. C.
Now, as for the material, that made the book itself
It wasn’t worth the time it took to put it on the shelf.
But my, the contents! *Old* and *rare*. And out
of print long ‘go:
A perfect Stradivarius, as violinists know.

We read, re-read, time, time again until its every page
Was ours. We knew we had annexed the writings
of a sage.
But when we know these splendid things, they never
do the good
We care for until we’ve dispensed around the neighborhood

The knowledge that we got by chance, as in this
case, we told
Its teachings to our neighbors. They enjoyed it—
young and old.

We had a friend—she lived next door—a Mrs.
Burke by name.

A stellar literary light, outside the Hall of Fame.
Could quote the gems from Chaucer down to Swin-
burne 'thout a hitch;

Or, on, on back to Homer, through the intervening
niche.

Why Virgil's *Æneid* to her was not e'en an an-
tique—

She borrowed this prized book of mine—to be re-
turned next week.

The week went by—no Mrs. Burke. We hear she
went away,

To visit friends in Montreal and more at Hudson's
Bay.

She took the book along for her perusal while en
route,

To dig down through the dirt and clay and hoist the
diamonds out.

Six months from then she came back home. She
told me 'bout the book.

She'd lent it to her cousin Kate who'd gone to
Sandy Hook.

The days now lengthened into weeks—the weeks
ran into years—

A card came in from Cousin Kate while "cruising
'round Algiers"—

It read: "Dear Cousin,

All are well. I wish that you were here.
Oh, yes, the book, I'll simply state, it surely is a dear.
I lent it to Miss Mary Flynn, just off for Donegal—
She'll mail it back when through with it.

Your Cousin Kate—that's all."

Well Mary must have lent that book to Mary Ann
Kehoe,
Just off for Honolulu by the way of Borneo.
And Mary Ann in turn has let it to the "wild man"
who
Has sent it to a fiance in Fiji or Zulu.
Well Mrs. Burke is still a friend—but she knows
by our looks,
That she has one *rare* volume sandwiched in
amongst her books.

THE DAY THAT HE TURNED UP HIS TOES

He was sure that this old world would stop—stone
still—

The day that he turned up his toes.

The waters would dry in the e'er flowing rill—

The day that he turned up his toes.

The crops would all wither; the stock die of thirst;
The birds from the tree-tops would sing at their
worst;

From breathing hot air we would swell up and
burst—

The day that he turned up his toes.

Stocks would go tumbling and banks go to smash—

The day that he turned up his toes;

Business firms fail from the lack of hard cash—

The day that he turned up his toes.

The tides would all ebb without ever a flow;

The stars would cease giving their glorious glow;
Morals would run so depravedly low—

The day that he turned up his toes.

The choir he "directed" would ne'er strike a note—

From the day that he turned up his toes.

No man in his state would know just how to vote—

From the day that he turned up his toes.

There'd be none to head the grand march at the ball;
No Hallow'en pranks on each succeeding fall;
In truth this whole sphere would be nothing at all—
From the day that he turned up his toes.

But! Could he now view from his home in the skies—

The day, that he turned up his toes;
The rills are now rivulets—greater in size—
Now that he's turned up his toes.
The banks all declare the same trite dividend;
Business goes on with the same steady trend;
The tides ebb and flow as they'll do to the end—
Though he's wholly turned up at his toes.

The birds sing as sweet and the stars shine as bright—

Although he has turned up his toes.
We vote for our men when they've "seen" us, all right—
Though long since he's turned up his toes.
The choir he "directed" and doted upon
Sings better than when he egoed his baton.
In fact, we believe, they're all glad that he's gone—
Himself and his whole bunch of toes.

THE OLD STATE IS DRY

The fifth of November, we long will remember
As being the day that they put the State dry;
So dry that we're thinking, those fond of their drinking
Will not now be licensed to drink on the sly.

Such scrapping, we never have seen, and if ever
We pass through that same royal battle again,
We'll hike to the mountains and sip of the fountains
That Nature divined for the primitive men.

And one must lapse rigid to jump to the frigid
When once he'd been courted by John Barleycorn;
And have forced endeavor that courtship to sever,
And, too, on that much-dreaded following morn.

We're frank in confessing it sets us to guessing
Just how the majority piled up so high,
Because 'twas so rarely, when tested out squarely,
You'd find this or that one so perfectly dry.

In traveling over our State we'd discover
A man now and then of the tindery kind;
But show him a swallow of "Old Possum Hollow"—
'Twas rather refreshing—the change in his mind.

We've oft put on trial our trustiest phial
When running quite low and no "wet" section nigh,
To meet, in condition, one of prohibition
Who'd cause us to say to our bottle—"Good bye."

But, why this discussing, and after-math fussing:
The sovereign people, almost to a man,
Have said "Mr. Boozer, come, be a good loser,
In nineteen-fourteen you adopt a new plan."

"All right!" says friend Boozer, "I'll be a good loser
By knowing, as long as red liquor is made,
And I've the big 'cart-wheel!' that tumbles the mart-wheel,
I'll get it, e'en though I'll not bank on the grade."

"And, too, I have noted the lad who has voted,
(Because his wife told him) to put the state dry—
And should he e'er quiz me about some good whiskey
I'll tell him of mine—"Nothing doing—say I.'

"Should my country cousin, come 'round me a-buzzin'
'Bout having the cramps or some other like ill
I'll say—'Go to thunder!' 'You snowed the thing
under!
'Go sip of the water that turns the old mill.' "

MISTRESS JEKYL-HYDE

I had seen her name oft, in the papers,
As hostess or guest here and there;
She acquitted herself in a manner
That smacked of the qualified air.
The cold type portrayed her as charming
In gowns these occasions demand.
The pen-picture left this impression:
"The luckiest man in the land"—
This man who had won such a partner for life;
This cultured—this handsome and sunshiny wife.

I called at her door as a stranger;
I gave a soft touch to her bell;
I waited and longed for her coming
Because—I had something to sell.
And, too, my eyes longed for a feasting
They ne'er had partaken before.
So I stood in the sunshine and waited—
Just outside this happy one's door.
She came! And the Furies of old Pagan fame
Alongside of her would be mellow and tame.

I proffered my card—twas a proffer—
I still have it; far's she's concerned;
Endeavored to tell her my mission—
My brightest endeavors were spurned
A mad bruin's gaze is angelic,
Compared to the one in this case.
The enamel all crazed on her features
As bang went the door in my face.
I flew from that house as from some dread disease,
With a dam in my mind and a knock in my knees.

Her husband and I got acquainted;
We quaffed oft of liquid that's red;
'Tween quaffs we have waxed confidential—
I must not give out all he said.
But at times he has whispered: "Virago!"
"Xantippe!" "The Vixen!" likewise;
Then call for more spirits frumenti—
To me this was not a surprise.
And we both agreed from our soles to our dome!
"Some angels at large are not angels at home."

SOLICITING CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS

Did you ever collect? That is to collect
Cold cash for elections in any respect?
When no one is giving a small Grecian dam
Who wins or who loses? Now that's where I am
Just at the present. Soliciting cash
To keep the old party from going to smash.

You know this collecting's a delicate thing
When your party is out and your minus "the ring;"
And, when the mazuma's inclined to be true
And sticks to its love like proverbial glue.
Again, doubting Thomases ponder and quiz—
"How much is your rake-off for doing the biz?"

You sit at your desk 'fore you make the first start
And you run down the list that you know so by
heart;
Then you dope the amount that you know you will
get
From this one and that. The donation is set.
You rig out your paper all type-written so
And for once in your life you go out for the
"dough."

The Jonses you figured for fifty apiece
Have joined with the Browns and departed for
Greece.

The Millers and Barlows; the Caseys and Kanes;
The Picketts and Daileys; the Cooks and Zanes;
The Crogans and Faheys, McGuires and O'Sheas,
Have gone to the country for forty-five days.

The Krauses and Strauses; the Klines and the Roes
Are in Philadelphia buying spring clothes.

The Schneiders; the Dusches; the Stroebels; the
Schwalbs;

McGregors; McFarlands; the Grants and the
Robbs

The French politicians; Italians and all,
Are gone, to be gone 'till 'long late in the fall.

The lads that you figured for "twenty" at least
Contribute a "five"—they're "just back from the
east."

Some more will subscribe with a spirited dash,
So much, but we fail to lay eyes on the cash.
Others will fritter and bluster and fuss
As if they were loaning the money to *us*.

But, we also find those who'll go "down in their
hip"

And peal off a ten at a one-fifty clip
Then hand you the names of another half-score
Who give and say "Ring if you need anymore."
'Course these lads are scarce but we find them—a
few;
It's a hell of a task—prying off the mazoo.

Now. If I meet some "piker" on next Friday week,
(If we've been defeated) and he dares to speak
By way of "why didn't you do it this way"
Or other remarks not congenial that day,
Especially if he's been tight with his "kale"
I'll hit him, if Judge gives me six months in jail.

"JIMMIE JONES"

Jimmie was a thrifty lad,
Not so long ago;
Anything he'd want, he had—
Made a handsome show.
Dressed in just the latest style;
Always wore a pleasant smile,
We would have you know.

Jimmie owned a motor-car;
Climb most any hill.
Jim was rightly popular
While he paid the bill.
Friends? Why, he had friends to burn;
Jostled them at every turn,
Courting his good will.

Dance was never a success
'Less our Jim was there.
Cards or cribbage, on to chess,
Played with knowing air.
Sing? Just like a mocking-bird,
Sweetest voice you ever heard—
Church or anywhere.

Handsome? Huh! Well I should say;
Eyes just rightly browned;
Hair to match. Let's see, he'll weigh
About two hundred pound.
Height not less than six feet two,
Trim's an aspen—head to shoe.
Match nowhere around.

Jimmy was a graduate
Of a school of law
None could match him in debate.
Stood without a flaw
'Mongst his peers, for all well knew,
Jim was finished through and through;
So they stood in awe.

Jimmie tackled politics;
 Let his business go;
Mixed with Jews and Dutch and Micks,
 Hunky and Dago.
Thought he'd made the real slam
With the festive sons of Ham—
 Like some more we know.

Jimmie bought the boozerine;
 Ale and Dublin Stout.
Placed a little lengthy green
 Here and there about.
Fought (?) like valiantest of men
'Till the polls were closed—and then—
 Jim was down and out.

Jimmie's motor-car is sold;
 Bank account is gone;
Jimmie's silver, Jimmie's gold
 Can't be counted on.
Jimmie's now a common slob,
Wond'ring when he'll get a job—
 Other fellow won.

He knows what Lincoln said of war—
 Cletus Houser, too.
Knows he's what they played him for—
 But he's game all through.
Jimmie's young; he'll hit the track;
Mark our word, that he'll "come back"—
Some, it seems, must get a whack—
 'Fore they learn to hew.

VACATION TIME

There's not a doubt about it
 That vacation time is on:
Some are just beginning
While more are through and done;
Others,—well, are neither—

Still vacating—so to speak,
And writing home for money
So's to stay another week.

Some go to the mountains
Where the cooling breezes blow;
Some select the seashore
Where the tides all ebb and flow;
Others,—well, go neither
But are thoroughly content
To hit their country cousins—
“Where it doesn’t cost a cent.”

This vacating’s quite a puzzle,
When we stop to think it o’er,
Of, whether it’s the mountains
Or the silv’ry-sanded shore;
Or, pick some quiet section
Where your country kinfolk dwell
And spend your time in leisure
By the brook or in the dell.

Now, as for us, the mountains
Have a most specific charm,
And we ne’er kick on the seashore,
Where the sands are nice and warm;
And we love the quiet country
Where the lambkins run and skip—
But the chiefest, mean enigma
Is—the cash to make the trip.

AN AWFUL HALLOWE’EN (ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE)

Way back a thousand years ago
When Hallowe’ens were young
And spooks and fairies all the go
In climes of every tongue—
I knew a bunch of girls and boys
(High School folks by the way)

Who entered in to all the joys
Like girls and boys today.
And these folks sought the castle where
The glass reflected true
The face of him or her right there,
They'd plight their fortunes to.
But when they reached the castle just
Imagine their surprise!
The glass was gone! They saw they must
Employ the witches eyes.

One girl got a general;
Another got a sailor;
One a farmer, thin and tall,
And one a big, fat tailor;
And still another got a clerk,
And one a Quaker preacher!
A real bad school girl drew a Turk!
And one a High School teacher!
One boy saw plain, a suffragette;
Another, a virago;
One drew My Lady Minuet
Who led the dance in Dago.
Another got a chic soubrette,
So full of fun and laughter;
The best boy drew a cook, you bet,
Was happy ever after.

But one poor Moundsville High school lass
Who'd let a dozen chances pass
Because she was suppos'dly witty,
(And some knave told her she was pretty)—
Saw in that witches' mirrored eyes,
To her chagrin and her surprise,
The man that she must surely wed,
His name? Just Mister Pumpkinhead.

TO WOODROW

Please don't lay the blame on Margaret,
Or Miss Bones, her cousin dear;
Or the troubles you've encountered
In this most eventful year.

Don't announce that you were lonely
As some widowed turtle-dove—
Come out open and above board
Say: "I simply fell in love!"

Speak out plain, like this: "'Twas Edith!
Those dark eyes and darker hair
Made me step, a willing victim
Into Cupid's pleasant snare!"
Say you helped arrange the trappings;
Fixed the bait upon the stick;
Placed your own heart on the trigger—
And you're glad you turned the trick.

War, and other tribulations,
Well may roam this old world through
But Dan Cupid's always neutral—
Makes no odds what others do.
With his bow and love-tipped arrow
He keeps up his endless chase;
Bringing home like fair Diana
Choicest game from every place.

In advance: "Congratulations!"
Though we all can't be on hand
We'll attend alike in spirit
Everywhere in our fair land,
At your wedding. And friend Woodrow,
We're not much for noise and fuss;
For that dinner you'll have turkey
Why not take that bird on us?

(Oct. 1915)

HOW WE TOOK IN THE FAIR

Did we go over? Well now we should say we did!
Joined in the throng so resplendent and gay we did.
Started right in to enjoy every phase of it;
Found there were times we were lost in the haze of
it.

First, on the Ferris-wheel, all fairs abound with it;
Then on the ponies—the merry-go-round of it;
Saw the snake-charmer and made goo-goo eyes at
her;
And Miss La Turka—we're stuck on the size of
her;
Sat by the “fat-girl” not one bit “a-feerd” of her;
And she (?) of the whiskers and pulled at the beard
of her;
Spied Thomas Thum and the giant from Borneo—
(Found he, one time, was a Texas attorney O);
Saw Miss (?) “Electro” and watched the sparks
fly from her;
Envied her not, though 'twas like eating pie for her;
Talked with the “wild” man from o'er in Tas-
ma-ni-a—
(Found him a native of York, Penn-syl-va-ni-a);
Chewed with the Dutch (?) clown, so full of
frivolity—
Name—Michael Flynn, from the Isle of much
jollity.
Drank lemonade of acidic acidity,
Sold by those boys of such humble (?) timidity;
Munched on hot “wienies” until we felt doggish-
like;
Hamburger steak 'till we lapsed to the groggish-like;
Crunched on “hot” peanuts, done o'er from the fair
before;
Limburger cheese you could smell for a square or
more;
Quaffed a few “mugs” of the lager variety;

Blew off the foam with our old time propriety;
Dug up the shell-game and took a few tries of it,
Misjudged the ball on account of the size of it;
Shot at the "coon" through the canvas—'twas fun
galore—

Threw at the babies and missed, like we'd done
before;

Bought fifty rings at the cane-rack and, truthfully
Wasted them all in a manner so youthfully.

Then, to the grand-stand, not one bit aghast to us,
Sat 'till our lingerie trousers stuck fast to us.

Saw Charley Walsh sailing 'round in his aeroplane—
Hope this same Charley comes back to our fair
again;

Watched every race from the start to the finishing,
Cheered with an ardor, not least-wise diminishing.
Lost our last cent on a horse named "Jim Hemer-
ald"—

Reason—the jockey was garbed in pure emerald.
Then hoofed it home as was always our way of it—
Satisfied. Happy. We'd had a great day of it.

* * * * *

Dear old State Fair, 'tis too bad that the manual
Stoutly maintains that you only come "annual."
Had we our way we would change the whole call
and then

Have one in May and one more in the fall again.

THE OPPOSITES

You see a couple on the street:
He, measuring about six feet
And weighing close one-twenty-five
She, walking 'longside, four-feet-ten,
Two hundred pounds plus twenty. Then
You're bound to murmur: 'Sakes alive!
Did their thoughts run to endless bliss
When making such a mess as this!'

You see another couple, too:
She just about five inches through
The belt-line, and five-feet-eleven.
And he four feet from hip to hip,
And one foot more from top to tip.

Then you will say: 'How under heaven
Came about this awkward match—
They each made one tremendous catch!'

Again you'll see another pair:
She, spic and span and debonair—

A fashion-plate from sole to crown,
He rigged in hat and shoes—old style,
And suit, too large by one full mile;

The pants of which look, coming down.
You can't but think; 'Where were her eyes
When she made such a sacrifice!'

And too, you'll see some Beau Brummell—
Always togged in clothes "just swell,"

The latest thing from old Par-ee.
And she in some loose-trailing skirt
That fits 'bout like our old night shirt,

Waist, hat and shoes of same degree.
You ponder, ponder on and guess:
'Did she e'er wear a wedding dress!'

But why concern! Then to our mind
Comes this old proverb: "Love is blind!"

Perhaps 'tis best this is the case.
Were we to use our microscope
And with the love-god try to cope
He'd plan a way to win the race.
His plans we'd mutually approve—
So, what's the odds as long's you love.

Mr. Brennan was candidate for Treasurer of the State of W. Va. in the campaign of 1912. The following in his unique way of filing his expense account as required by law: (The clipping is from the "Pittsburgh Dispatch"):

BRENNAN IS QUITE A HUMORIST

DEFEATED CANDIDATE FOR W. VA. STATE TREASURER FILES UNIQUE STATEMENT—GETS QUITE SARCASTIC.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Dec. 5.

Filed with the Secretary of State is the masterpiece of West Virginia political literature in the form of a statement of campaign expenses of Ignatius Brennan of Wheeling, Democratic nominee for State Treasurer in the recent election. Brennan was defeated by the present Treasurer, E. Leslie Long.

Brennan is somewhat of a man of letters and is a contributor of poetry to State newspapers. His statement of campaign expenses follows:

ELECTION EXPENSES OF IGNATIUS BRENNAN, CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.

Securing nomination by purchase.....	\$2 25
Railroad fare—Baltimore & Ohio mostly, splendid system.....	80 00
Pullman Company of Illinois.....	9 25
Tips to Republican Pullman porters.....	2 10
Dining car—for meals en route.....	14 00
Tips to Bull Moose waiters.....	2 00
Hotels	100 00
Hostelries, posing as hotels.....	65 00
Tips to "non-pledged" (?) Republican waiters	5 25
Trips by auto.....	17 50

Livery hire (candidates' rates)	20	00
(Ordinary rates about \$6).		
"Workers" (?) (well named)	25	00
Postage	4	50
Cards (not playing cards)	7	50
Cuts of my "mug"	12	00
Buttermilk, pop, seltzer, beer, ale, whiskey, high-balls, cocktails for myself and friends; over which we discussed our majorities	35	00
Bromo seltzer, salts, liver pills, Turkish baths, etc., for myself (the morning after)	7	00
Stationery	4	50
Incidentals	45	00

(This includes "loans" (?) without security or anything else, hold-ups, round-ups, tickets for raffles and balls never pulled off, prescriptions for "sick" (?) people, subscriptions to magazines I didn't want, donations to churches outside of my own parish when I am back two years in my pew rent at home, etc.)

Total \$457 85

(Signed) IGNATIUS BRENNAN.

The statement is sworn to before J. B. Handlan,
a notary public of Ohio County.

WHEN SHE MARRIED

She'd often sat and told me just the sort of man she'd wed—

When she married;

He must be her ideal from his feet up to his head—
When she married;

His hair must be the raven black or darkest shade of brown;

His eyes must blend to match it to a T;

His form must be Apollo-like; must never wear a frown;

In height not less than six feet two or three—

And weigh two hundred pounds, not less, said she—

When she married.

He musn't go to baseball games on Sunday afternoon—

When she married;

Must argue "woman's rights" from June to each succeeding June—

When she married;

He musn't flirt, Oh, heavens no! Must not return a smile,

Be she, the lady giving, e'er so fair;

Must dress to suit her notion, in the very latest style,
So as to be so rightly debonair

But to herself alone, right on the square—

When she married.

He musn't chew tobacco or he musn't smoke cigars—

When she married;

He musn't drink, or loaf around those "devil-haunted" bars—

When she married;

He musn't know the "two-spot" from the "joker"
or the "king;"

He musn't, under any circumstance

Use the smallest cussword. Then he must do everything

Within his power to quit the “wicked” dance—
And promise her to let her wear the pants—
When she married.

She looked in all directions her Apollo-boy to find—
And get married;

She ne'er could see the one alike the picture in her
mind—

And get married;

She visited the mountains when the summer months
were on;

She trod the glist'ning sands down by the sea;
She rambled through the orange groves when win-
ter'd come, till gone.

But she never found the one to her i-dee—

And she wondered if that picture was n. g.—

Still single.

At last “Hurrah!” We read it. The weekly paper
said.

That she married!

We sent congratulations, from the heart and from
the head—

When she married;

We stood around on tip-toe, waiting for their safe
return,

When we would see the “perfect” man that she
Must find before she'd say—“I will!” Oh, how our
eyes did yearn

For just one glance of her af-fin-i-tee,

To put our very souls upon a spree—

She was married!

We got no gilt announcement of “At Home” from
him or her—

When she married.

“A love-at-first-sight wedding” we'd impulsively
infer—

When she married.

One eve (by chance) we met them, strolling down
the avenue;
He'd reach about her shoulder, we would note
He wore a thirteen collar and a four'n' a-quarter
shoe,
And a seven hat would straddle to his throat,
His possessions were—a bride and, perhaps—
a vote—
But she married.

THE OLD TIME PREACHER

Jevver "go to meetin'" when the preacher's working
right,
Just hammering the pulpit, with the true exhorter's
might,
And moving back and forth across the rostrum with
a grin,
A-throwing down the gauntlet to the calendar of sin.
Wound up for the occasion, and he thinks his sayings
true—
And each time he mentions "sinner" he will look
right straight at you!
We have!

He's the old-school style of preacher, the "hell's-fire
—and—brimstone brand,"
And he paints the thing so vividly—you see this
torrid land.
Can see old Mr. Satan with his horns and cloven
hoof
Dishing out his torments from the cellar to the roof
To those who, while on earth, did all his biddings
true and well,
Who thought "For so much service we will fare first
rate in hell!"
And they did—(not).

He shows the seething cauldron with its molten mass
aboil;
He shows the flames that heat it—ten times worse
than gas or oil;
He shows a first lieutenant to the devil standing
there
Holding some poor sinner on a trident, high in air,
Smack above the cauldron, and should the fellow
drop
He'd land plunk in the kettle's very center right
kerflop—
 He dropped!

He draws an awful picture of the one who'd not
believe;
Another of the one who ne'er would once the poor
relieve;
And one of him or her who knew naught else but
scandal lore;
And one of him who always wanted eight per cent,
or more.
He shows the hypocrite confined behind the furnace
door
Begging, pleading—"Let me out I'll ne'er deceive
once more."
 He's still in.

We've often sat and listened while these pictures
were displayed,
And though the best thermometer, showed "zero"
in the shade,
And while his tweedledee was not quite like our
tweedledum,
We'll tell you on the level that he had us going some.
The perspiration dripped from—off our chilled and
fevered brow
And the quivers used our spinal for a trolley-line
somehow—
 Ever experience?

This dear old preacher's dead and gone. We hope
his soul's "At Rest!"
He hit straight from the shoulder and he did his
level best.
And during these agnostic days when creeds like his
are scoffed,
We've yet to see that "standard" floating in the
breeze, aloft
That shows the least improvement—far as "know-
ing" is concerned—
E'en though these gents will pose as so erudite and
so learned.
Have you?

THE NURSE

We're you ever a patient right down on your back
In a neat, clean, white, hospital bed,
With hot pads and bottles, all over your front
And cracked ice, in bags on your head?
With a fever thermometer stuck in your jaw
And the doctor a-counting your pulse;
While your friends and relations are standing hard
by
And inwardly doping results?
Then, watch them all leave, when your symptoms
are guessed,
And you've been introduced to your nurse,
Who starts in forthwith on her dose-giving course
Which means—" 'Tis for better or worse!"
She'll smile all the while in her health-giving style
While she fills you with powders and pure castor-
"ile,"
Elixirs and tinctures and citrates and salts—
'Till your poor abused "gizzard" is doing a waltz.

Now these smiles that she "smoles" while she's
filling your tank
Are right from the heart—and are best.
Her whole being's set upon pulling you through—

She's your friend with the patience and zest.
But her mandates are law, and old Abdul Pasha
 Never reigned with more absolute rule;
And the best thing for you, is get busy and do
 The things that are taught in her school.
Don't kick on the taste of the liquids or salts
 Or say that the pads are too hot,
For she's there with the goods from the powders to
 foods

 And you'll take them when due, on the dot.
And you might just as well try to tumble up hill
As to e'er say a word 'gainst her citrate or pill;
Or suggest lemon pie, or fried oysters or kraut,
When she brings you in "soup," she knows what
 she's about.

Just do as she says and these smiles will remain
 'Till full convalescence comes round;
As there's naught brings more joy to the nurse than
 to know

 That she'll leave her charge perfect and sound.
But then! How oft do we e'er think of the times
 That she watched by our feverish bed,
When our brow burned her palm and the blear in
 our eye

 Told that life hung by brittlest thread!
Those nights and those days when her thoughts were,
 "What else

 Can I do that I haven't yet done
To help my 'poor patient' in every way
 To hurry recovery on?"
We pledged, when prostrate, there would ne'er be a
 night

But we'd send up a prayer for this "angel in white."
Have we done it? Well, may be a fort-night or two,
But we learned to forget as is human to do.

THE CIRCUS

Sure! We went over. We'll tell you the truth of it.
Swore we would not until 'way after noon.
Joined in the rush with the old and the youth of it—
Jags, sages, wags and the cheerful buffoon.
Ladies, whose age is a matter of history,
Men who have circused since we were a boy.
Men—stranger—men, who're enshrouded in mystery.
Men of the "three shells" we used to enjoy.
Yes, we hung on to a strap like the rest of them;
Right "side by each" with (what they think) the best of them.

'Course we took in all the "side-shows"—you bet we did.
Saw the same bunch we've seen often before.
And some brand new ones, the best we've seen yet, we did.
Never once stopped till we'd looked them all o'er.
Then to the Main Tent from off the menagerie;
Saw all the rings doing business at once—
Clowns with their new stock of lingo and bladgery.
Tumblers and riders with all sorts of stunts,
Sat on the board 'till our breeches stuck fast to us,
Watching in awe at what they'd brought at last to us.

Bought a balloon of the purple variety.
Lemonade? Sure! of a pale crimson hue.
And, though perhaps we forgot our propriety—
Peanuts! Well yes, near a bushel or two.
Stayed for the concert and when it was finished we Thought—"Well, by George, we're a sport yet a while."
Stuck 'till the last tier of seats were diminished; we Then hoofed it home as was always our style.

Slept? We should say! But all night in our dreams we
Loafed with the lions and hyenas screamings, we.

Circus, come often, as long as we're living we
Promise right here we'll be "John-on-the-spot."
And there with the "fifty" we'll freely be giving. We
Think and think grimly, it lengthens man's lot.
We have been circusing on since Grant's second
term,

Liked this one yesterday best of them all.
Truly we hope at the end of our reckoned term—
One splendid show and a fast game of ball—
Then, when dear Charon, the jolly old ferry-man—
Beckons us come, we will shake and be merry man.

"JEVVER DRINK?"

Jevver drink? you know I mean
Jevver drink old boozerine?
The stuff that makes some people rich
(The ones who sell the right amount)
And slams some others in the ditch—
Some for a while—more for the count.
The stuff (as some will say) that cheers:
That is, when just so many beers
Have sped adown the gullet way,
And transformed darkest night to day.

Now when I ask you, 'Jevver Drink?'—
I'd not have you one moment think
That I mean just a one-night souse
That any publican may do:
But *drink* whereby you rightly douse
Your stomach with "Kentucky Dew"
(Or any other standard brand)
Mine host mayhap to have on hand)
Day in and out until all know
Exactly just the clip you go.

The clip at which tonight you sing
With all the spirit of the spring
Song bird. And perhaps you dance
The Highland Fling or Irish Reel;
Or improvise the circumstance
To suit, of course, the way you feel:
Say, give the wild Commanche whoop,
Or shoot the chutes, or loop the loop,
Or do the Taxi stunt profuse
And wind up in the calaboose.

Well, after escapades galore,
Some day you'll look yourself well o'er
And think—"See here, old boy, 'tis time
To put the brakes on this forsooth:
I've sown my oats while in my prime,
Survived, because backed up by youth;
I'll pass the reigns to other hands
Who'll tramp the Bacchanalian sands;
While I—well, I—from this day on
Can say, 'No, thanks; I'm done, I'm done!'"

Old time speeds on. Your friends of old
Will say, "The old boy's feet got cold!
He's on the water wagon right
Alongside of the driver. And
He always stays at home at night,
And saving cash to beat the band;
But just the same good fellow though
That he was in the long ago.
He'll buy the drinks, say, for the house—
But for himself 'tis "nichts kom 'raus."

Still old time plods, as prone to do;
The lads of old acquaintance who
Knew you when you went the pace
Are quizzing just about how long
You'll hold your self-sought tindered place,
Devoid of whoop and dance and song.
And should you make a slip whereby

Results might show as if some rye
Had figured in the case, why, then—
The one conclusion,—“Drunk again.”

So! Same old world! The more you try
To hold the “straight and narrow” why
The more some people lie in wait
For just one chance to rightly place
A solar-plexus, true and straight,
To check your even-tempered pace.
Sometimes we feel the Golden Rule
With some dies in the Sunday School.
While others of the Christian ways
Know charity in every phase.

“ETIQUETTE”

If there's one thing in this wide world
That's been to us an irksome task
And made us oftentimes sit and sweat
Until our hair was rightly curled,
And face contorted like a mask,
It is this cussed etiquette;
This stately law that makes us do
The opposite to Nature's view.

We get an invitation to
Attend some bridge or whist affair,
From Miss La Gush or Miss Wouldwed.
Now we accept, like others do;
Then after we've arranged our hair,
And spic and span from toe to head,
We hie ourselves unto the place
Whereat we go the formal pace.

First thing we do is to display
A countenance unlike our own;
Then couple on a dialect
That savors of the yankee's way.
Crossed with the southern darkey's tone,

To bring about the right effect—
A mongrel speech of surest text.
(And everybody there is next).

We say “Ah-ha!” “Beg pah-done, please!”
And kow-tow a la Chesterfield.
Then, sit so statue-like and prim,
And pose as being right at ease,
Though from the start we’re there to yield
To every other’s wish or whim.
Now when the doings all are o’er
There’re none applaud for an encore.

We go to fancy ball and we
Like all attending—nicely dressed
In frockings to suit the event.
We wear our pumps and jewelry;
The evening suit with low cut vest
(That p’raps took every blessed cent
We had to rent the awkward bosh,
Or “stood the clothier off” by gosh!)

We waltz around as if we wore
What’s called the “straight-front X-Y-Z;”
With eye alert for lady’s train—
(Another medieval bore
That flourished ’long ’bout thirteen-three)
And then when lunch time comes we strain
Our every faculty to think
Just how to munch and how to drink.

We worry through as best we can,
As hungry ’most as when we sat;
Because it isn’t mannerly
To eat your food say like a man,
But gingerly—more like a cat.
Then have one tell us quietly—
“You didn’t use your napkin right.”
And “you nearly showed an appetite!”

A score of other "state" affairs
We well could cite, but what's the use!
We'll live just like we've always done
With just a few mistakes and cares
And we can rigidly produce
And have always our oldtime fun.
And if this doesn't suit the rest—
We're satisfied. We've done our best.

Now right here's where we're going to ask:
Which is the ruder of the two,
The one who'll watch for our mistakes
(And heavens, that's an easy task)
Or us, who always bags a few?
If we e'er notice qualms and quakes
In anyone, we merely wink
The other eye, or—take a drink.

"SHOW ME"

I'm not "from Missouri" and have to be shown;
Nor no doubting Thomas am I;
But, suppose I'm like all—have a will of my own—
And may now and then ask for a "Why."

Now, just at the present, I'm perplexed a bit,
Or else I'm too dumb to conceive,
The canons of science, that say they see fit
To approve or to well disbelieve.

Our Doctor Cook says he discovered the pole,
And tells how he did it and all;
He brings back his proofs that he thought right and
whole—
Well wrapped in an Eskimo shawl.

He tells how he felt when at longitude nought,
And latitude ninety degrees;
His trip as a whole, how with dangers 'twas fraught:
Of his narrow escapes from a "freeze."

He has his dogs pictured, hooked up to their sleds;
And the Eskimos, nicely a-squat;
Aurora-Borealis, whale-backs and bear heads;
All snapped "while you wait," on the spot.

He's pictured the hole where the pole ought to be—
Is yet—when the sea coughs it up;
He shows frozen seal and congealed mercury—
How many have envied his cup!

But now when he's home and is doing first rate,
From writings and lectures galore,
And splitting receipts with the lad at the gate,
We hear a volcanic uproar.

From old Copenhagen, where once they said "aye,"
Comes coldest of negative now.
They've smashed our friend Doc, in his gala hey-day,
And stricken the laurels from his brow.

Now, here's where this "I'm from Missouri!" comes
in,
And here's where I want to be shown;
And here's where those canons of science grow kin
To that bull-headed will of my own.

I'd ask these despoilers of Doctor Cook's fame
(In a spirit unbiased and fair),
To tell me just how, under heaven's fair name,
Can they mark his taboo "on the square."

I'd ask them to tell what they know of the pole.
Could they tell it if labeled "N. P."
What maps, charts or sketches have they in control
That tell what the pole ought to be.

If Cook talked Skager-Rack or chewed Categat,
Or munched about Jutland, I'd trow
These chaps (if he lied) could so well jingle
"scat"—
But the pole—how the hell do they know?

EVERY DAY

Our eyes are growing dimmer
 Every day;
Our form is waning slimmer
 Every day;
With our purse becoming flatter
We can't think we'll e'er be fatter
As they raise on beans and batter
 Every day.

Our tasks are growing lighter
 Every day;
Our hair grows white and whiter
 Every day;
Once it used to fall in wavelets
Now these wavelets lie in gravelets
Though we used all kinds of savelets
 Every day.

Our sporting blood is thinning
 Every day;
We crave no extra inning
 Every day;
And the times that we have rooted
When we'd be about "half snooted"
Have all been rightly chuted
 Every day.

The boys we knew in childhood
 Every day;
And who battled with the wildwood
 Every day;
Though there's none of them fanatics,
They're all doctoring for rheumatics
From their cellars to their attics
 Every day.

And the girls once sweet and pretty
Every day;
So bright, petite and witty
Every day;
Who in quadrille never blundered,
While the fat folk watched and wondered,
Now weigh around three hundred
Every day.

Our feet grow more unsteady
Every day;
Our wit's not half so ready
Every day;
Though we still pose as a rhymer
There are younger ones and primer
Who'll ask: "Who's the old timer?"
Every day.

REARING THE BABY

Jevver rear a baby and make it a success
By your own intuition and a bunch of stubbornness?
This stubbornness asserting say when Mrs. Jones or
Platt
Will tell you what to feed the kid to make him big
and fat.
And just the kind of clothing he should wear all
times of year,
His sleep, and his ablutions, so's to keep the chap in
gear.
And insist on execution of her system right away
When, if you do not do it, she will talk about this
way:
(That's when you've gone with baby and can't an-
swer "yea" or "nay")
"I don't see how some mothers ever pull their chil-
dren through!"
"Had we had mothers like her 'twould have settled
me and you!"

"Our mothers were old-fashioned and they knew
the wrong from right!"

"But the way they rear them now days—it simply
is a fright!"

"They take them out all sorts of days—in rain or
snow or sleet!"

"And my whole heart goes out to them when I see
them on the street."

"Some day there'll be a funeral and you just mark
my word

That the very lady I advised will blame it on the
Lord!"

Then the other lady'll tell her, how when she was
six months old,

Her mother gave her turpentine to break a stubborn
cold.

And how she kept her flannels on 'till way late in
the spring,

Would never think of shedding them before the
robins sing.

She'd chewed on many a "greaser" (that's a rusty
bacon rind)

Boiled cabbage and potatoes and meats of every kind
Long before "she was a year" or had her "grinders"
through—

Then they both agreed their mothers knew the
proper things to do.

We heard of all these comments and inquired 'bout
Mrs. Platt—

(A walking-advertisement for this famous "Anti-
fat")

We found the stork had missed her in his travels
round at night,

And never found the lady at her fireside in daylight.
But Mrs. Jones was wiser, when the stork refused
to come,

She lawfully adopted one from out the Orphan's
Home.

"Her" boy was eight to start with and his colic days
were o'er
His governess, a widow with a family of four.

Now, as each was well "equipped" to tell us how
to rear the kid
We followed their instructions to the letter—sure
we did (not)
And the baby waxes stronger as the days come on
and go—
He would win a prize this minute, at most any baby
show.
So our curt advice to ladies who've advisings by the
box
Is: keep your hubby's buttons on and darn his
"whole" proof socks,
And leave this baby business to the mothers who will
do
The things that suits the "kiddo" so's he'll manage
to "pull through."

THE BLISSFUL GRAVE

We've stood in awe and looked aghast
As silently the mourners passed
In vehicled procession.
We've followed on. We've heard the cries
That from these mourners did arise
When Earth took stern possession
Of what was rightly hers. The grave
Is heir alike to knight and knave.

The grave, so nicely hollowed out;
Precisely measured all about
By hands of master training
And choicest flowers placed o'er the clay
Fresh dug, and in artistic way,
Who'd be for once complaining
To take up his abode therein
Where all smacks of such discipline!

Again, the grave, where all is peace
Where all our tribulations cease!
Where all our earthly failings
Lay deep beneath our casket's bed;
And all the good we've done or said
Is sung with sweet regalings.
Where, when, the world is tired and wan
We merely lie and slumber on.

The wintry winds that howl and break
And cause all earthly frames to quake
Ne'er enter our dominion,
When war runs rife on sea and strand;
When human blood besoaks the land,
We're asked for no opinion
Regarding what is wrong or right;
And, better still—not asked to fight.

The lark ser'nades us every morn
When skies are bright. On days forlorn
The thrush performs his mission.
The frost ne'er enters our domain—
Nor yet does Old Sol scorch our brain
Or change our fixed condition.
If pestilence or famine hit,
It ne'er disturbs our peace a bit.

The clash and clang of forge and mill;
The auto's siren, sharp and shrill;
The locomotive's warning;
The fret and worry others feel
While gulping down the day's first meal
On each succeeding morning,
Ne'er enter in where we repose—
Another blessing—heaven knows!

So grave, when with this life we're through
And we are brought to dwell with you
Until the resurrection;

Don't quiz too closely what we've done,
And whether we have lost or won—
Kindly waive inspection;
But should you rule a dif'rent way
And find we've been a bit too gay,
Please hold us tight on Judgment Day!

WHEN YOU HAVE THE COIN

They came right from the country, where they'd
struck it rich in oil
And coal and other "products" that were deep be-
neath the soil.
(Of course they'd lay beneath the soil as naught that
soil would grow,
Why the birds all carried lunches when they'd cross
it to and fro)
But *they* don't carry lunches *now* while traveling
here and there,
They eat the best that could be found on any bill
of fare—
And got there just the same.

They built a splendid mansion on a splendid avenue,
They had a "red" room and a "green" and to be
right, a "blue."
They bought a grand piano (though *she* couldn't hit
a note)
Wilton rugs four inches thick on which all proudly
dote.
They got tapestries from Persia and statuettes from
Rome,
Annexed an auto—then sent out their gilt-edged
cards—"At home."
And got there just the same.

She "did the honors" in a way her guests had
never seen;
She bade them "Hang your things up in the 'red' or
'blue' or 'green'"—

And "set right down—feel right at home while I
will supervise
The cookin' of the turkey and the stuffin' and the
pies."
The dinner is announced and 'twas some dinner—
bet your life—
She ate her bean soup from her fork—her green peas
from her knife,
And got there just the same.

She then proposed a game of cards—some one sug-
gested "Bridge"—
(But they'd never played these silly games at her
home "on the ridge")
Just ordinary "seven-up" or "euchre" was her forte;
In either one she was well versed and gave her lots
of sport.
They played, of course, for prizes, 'till eleven games
were done,
And the hostess of the evening, per her tally-card
had won—
She got there just the same.

They then discussed the classics for a little time
before
They'd leave. She thought that Burns was Dutch
and never "heerd" of Moore.
She'd "read of Mr. Shakespeare and her uncle spoke
of Poe,"
And "knowed most all the Scotts, exceptin' Walter,
in a row,"
She "remembered Mr. Bryant when he run fer
President,"
But she "never thought Longfellers, fer as workin',
worth a cent"—
But she got there just the same.

They "never had no books at home" but she re-
membered one,
They "called it Pilgrim's Progress by a bunion man
named John."

And another "bout a feller with a lamp that burned
so bright,
An' wrote by an old Arab an' I think his name was
Knight."
She used her double negatives in most artistjc style,
But then she had the "do-ra-me" that came from
coal and "ile"—
And got there just the same.

DOES THIS REMIND YOU?

I don't know how it takes effect upon the other men
And women of the baseball ilk, but time and time
again
I've said when starting out to battle in life's fretful
fray—
Here's where I settle down to work, no baseball
game today!

Away down in my inner self I meant it every word,
And knew I'd stick close to my text no matter what
occurred;
No matter what persuasive chap or chaps would say
"Come on!"
I'd touch my spinal column and at once respond
"Begone!"
I'd read the dopester's column of the games the day
before;
Games of sixteen innings before either side would
score;
No hit games; triple plays; pitcher's battles grand,
Where phenoms sent them o'er the pan with
mythical command.
Where out-field boys pulled down the "pill" that
looked so good for three;
Where Jinks, the "Southern wonder" of unknown
delivery
Had fanned eleven batsmen; e'en the umpire's work
was fine;

Was up to snuff on balls and strikes and ne'er
misjudged the "line."

I'd read the forecast of the game that starts today
at three;
About the splendid fettle of the boys; and how
McGee,
The new speed artist heaver of the zigzag curves
and twists,
Would top the mound this afternoon—a game not
to be missed.

And seems to me that every fan I'd ever known or
seen,
I'd meet that special morning, or at lunch, or in
between
The time I'd said 'No game today' (and meant it
good and strong)
Up to the time (inclusive) that the "Ball Park
Car" came 'long.

The wagon with announcements on and boy and
bell inside
Seemed hounding at my coat tails as to have me to
provide
An affirmative amendment, "in event it didn't rain,"
To go and see that ball game—but all pleadings
were in vain.

The telephone would ding-a-ling, some friend would
say "Hello!"
Tell me all about the bunch who's made their plans
to go,
And telling where they'd meet me—never doubting
it at all
But what I'd be right with them when the umpire'd
say "Play ball."

But to all these intercessions I would give a cruel
"No!"

With the inward thought appended, "I guess I
know when to go.
"The whole bunch can go to thunder; when I say
I'll not—not me"
(Though I'm a fan, I reckon, of the thirty-fourth
degree).

I settle down to business—hit the correspondence
pile,
Give to some attention and place others on the file;
I telephone to Jenkins and likewise to Shaw and
Frame,
With whom I have engagements, but "they've just
left for the game."

I'll try and hunt some new ones, so I call up Sykes
and Jones;
The office girl responding in most joyous sort of
tones,
Would ask me, "Leave your number?" Then so
happily proclaim
That Sykes and Jones just took the car to see the
baseball game.

Gee whiz, 'tis not that time of day! I hear the
street cars clang;
I take a peek and watch it—know all faces in the
gang;
Then mumble in soliloquy, "I've said I wouldn't go,"
And all well know I mean it when I say, "Yours
truly, no!"

Car after car goes jogging by; the steps are hang-
ing thick;
I don't feel well, and truly I am just about half
sick;
I pull the desk top down a-lock and rush out through
the hall—
To take the last car for the game in time to hear
"Play ball!"

EVER OWN A CAMERA?

I used to own a camera—
A Premo number two—
All rigged out with a rubber bulb
And curt contraptions new;
Adjusting tripods; best device
To give a “sitting” time,
Why I could take a photograph
That surely was sublime.

I had more darned solutions—well
Most every make that’s known,
To bathe the plate and then produce
The picture with the tone.

I think the outfit cost, at first,
'Bout twenty two or three,
With all complete, so’s I could “snap,”
Or “time,” as I’d decree.

And, my, how I grew popular!
Why, Sunday afternoon
On from the time that winter went;
Through April, May and June,
On up ’till chill October made
The “fields and forests bare,”
I was *it* and in demand
Here, there, and everywhere.

No sylvan party was complete,
Without me, 'twould be seen;
Accompanied, you’ll understand,
By my “snapshot” machine.

Some fertile mind would figure out
A trip by trolley line,
Where Nature had outdone herself
In blendings, superfine;
Where pretty backgrounds; grassy knolls,

Were shaped by Master hand,
So as to give to all mankind
A setting, simply grand.

Of course the crowd was even-
Ly divided—girls and boys
With cares all tossed windward and
Well shorn of world's annoys;
And never less than ten or twelve;
(More often a full score)
All rigged out a la negligee—
Discussing rural lore.

Of course I was the hero as
I owned the cam—e—ra.
And knowing my importance well
The street car fare I'd pay.

It truly was amazing when
We'd strike the grassy mound,
With evergreens, and ivy vines
To make the right background,
To note Miss Belle Artistic
Group the bunch, romantic'ly;
And all would get "their pictures took"
Except, of course, poor me.
I never once remember of
My being on the "plate"
From which the "proof" was taken—
('Tis a sad thing to relate).

But if I had it might have spoiled
The "grouping," none will doubt;
And some poor lad or lassie would
Be wrongly crowded out.
Well, all complete, the dozen plates
That I had brought along
Have all been "timed;" "snapshotted;"
Any way to suit the throng.

The atmosphere grows heavy like;
The sun is sinking low
We all prepare for our return
And back to home we go;
So having played the gallant all
The livelong, happy day,
It's up to me—yours truly—on
The car to pay their way.

I'm asked a score or more of times,
As we are homeward bound,
'Bout "When you have them mounted"
And—
"You'll please send mine around!"
"I'd like to have a dark one please!
Not dark so's it would blur."
"Nellie likes the light one, you
Can send that kind to her."
"I'd like to have an extra one
For sisters Belle and Sue."
"My brother Jim in Florida
Would like to have one, too."
"My guest from Pennsylvania,
Miss Gwendylyne Day-lee,
Must have at least a dozen,
As they're promised her by me."

Solution costs so much per ounce;
No plates are given free;
Developing takes time and care—
And all comes off of me.

I've sold the Premo number two,
For seven, sixty-four;
Just sixteen short, and all in all,
At least a hundred more.
Now all may own their cameras
And "snap" and "time" and so
But to the sellers of the same
I give a learned—"No!"

CHRISTMAS IS FINE—BUT OH MY!

We waddled through the flowery months
And summer months as well;
We shambled through the Autumn in—
To winter months, pell-mell;
'Till now we find we're sharing old
December's welcome cheer
And plainly hear the slogan, that—
“The Christmas time is here.”

Interpreting the slogan as
It really ought to be.
We see in boldest type, these words—
“It means a heap for me,”
As all our friends and kinfolks stand
In one phalanx array,
A-thinking of the gifts they'll get
From us on Christmas Day.

Mother'll want a bonnet, sure,
And father'll want cigars;
Sisters—they'll want everything
From belts to motor-cars;
Brothers—from the little ones
To those to manhood grown—
Will all expect just what they need
They've made their wishes known.

School-day friends and playmates of
The long, long time ago;
On down to those of recent years
Are smiling at us so;
And bowing and kowtowing in
A way we truly fear,
And with each smile they seem to say—
“The Christmas time is near.”

We sit in mute seclusion and
As best we can, we try
To figure just the gross amount
Of all we'd like to buy;
The recapitulation shows
Astounding facts, sincere—
And makes us wish that Christmas came
'Bout ev'ry 'leventh year.

But facts are facts, and black is black,
And white is always white—
On ev'ry twelve-month cycle there's
A Christmas-time all right;
And since our friends are legion and
The times so cussed hard—
We'll figure out the list and send—
A souvenir postal-card.

MY OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Away back in the mists of Time,
When I, if e'er, was in my prime;
I condescended one fine day
To go the photographer's way.

And take the pose
That he'd disclose—
To me.

I rigged out in my tailored clothes;
All things to match from head to toes;
Just right fresh from the barber shop,
With smoothest shave and latest crop—
And here I'll tell,
I looked quite swell—
For me.

His price I still remember well,
(A "special" one, to hear him tell),
Was three per twelve, in dark and light.
I gave the cash and all was right.

"Cash in advance"—
He'd take no chance—
On me.

I mind yet how he fixed the brace,
To hold my restless head in place,
Arranged by hands so dignified;
One on my knee, one on my side.
And placed my legs,
As stiff as pegs—
For me.

He had my eyes gaze toward the hall;
Right at a knot-hole in the wall.
Then mentioned in a pleasing style,
To neither smirk, nor frown, nor smile—
(He seemed perplexed
And slightly vexed—
To me).

I heard the instrument to click,
That told me he had turned the trick—
And all was o'er. I then relaxed,
Like one by hardest labor taxed.

I felt quite fine
That he'd a line—
On me.

* * * * *

I ran across that photograph today.
I found it while a-rummaging away
Amongst the treasures of the past.
Right here I'll tell, I looked aghast!
There's not a trace
In form or face—
Like me.

My hair is "done in oil" I vow,
The way it hugs my peaceful brow.
My eyes looked crossed, and I suppose
They were, from that stiff knot-hole pose—

A-looking through
At once, with two—
Poor me!

My face, that even beams today,
Though I am wrinkled, old and gray,
Looks like as if my stomach pained.
My pose in every way is strained.

The arm, the limb,
Look O, so slim—
For me.

There's inch-wide binding on my coat;
My vest's "cut high" up 'round the throat;
My pants (well, here I have to smile).
Skin-tight, and old bell-bottomed style—
You all may laugh—
That photograph—
Of me.

My people ask me, e'en today
To wend the photographer's way;
So's they'd recall me, should I go
Away from the dear world we know—
But I see fit
To answer "Nit
For me."

If they're inclined to want my face
To deck some loved or honored place,
Why, let them wait until I'm dead,
And bring an artist to my bed;
Then have at last—
A plaster cast—
Of me.

THE PROOF READER

The proof-reader sits in her split-bottom chair,
(A relict of those of the past who sat there;
Sat there and smoked and between thought and think
Would take a short walk and, of course, a long drink.
But they're gone to—well, that's not for us to decide
But to one or the other place 'cross the divide).

So this proof-reader sits in her split-bottom chair,
A willowy lassie with Autumn-brown hair,
And she scans all the "proofs" that the press-room
sends out,

Set up by lithe printers and those with the gout;
And she burrows right through them with knowing-
like air,

Correcting the "bulls" that the printers put there.

She inverts the "slugs" that were set upside down;
She spells the word "twin" that the lino wrote
"town;"

She corrects "Miss" to "Mrs." and "here" to a
"her;"

And the word "interfere" to the right one "infer;"
Removes all the "pie lines" as if it were sport—
'Till the proof now resembles a weather report.

Her work isn't one bed of roses and dew—
She'll miss now and then and By Gosh, it goes
through.

In cases whereat no real harm has been done—
She's merely missed "gin" that by right should be
"gun,"

The reader excuses and reads it as news,
Just guesses: "The lino ain't dropping its u's."

But, wow! Should some error take place in an ad,
That threatens to put Mr. Jones to the bad
By pricing his breeches at "4 CENTS A PAIR"

That should have had "DOLLARS" imprinted
right there,

And causes an avalanche down at his store
By folks Mr. Jones never heard of before—

AH!

Here's where the publisher-owner does sprint
And spouts stuff that wouldn't look wholesome in
print.

Lines running thusly: \$\$ffgxxxy would look
'Long side of his spiel like a Sunday school book.
That night this fair lady with Autumn-brown hair
Repairs to her couch for an eight-hour nightmare.

AND—

Morpheus taunts the poor creature it seems,
As here are the things that mixed up in her dreams:

"JONES—4 CENT PANTS—MRS. JONES
—PANTS—THE JONES KIDS—PANTS.
JONES BULL DOG—4 DOLLAR DOG.
PISTOL IN HANDS OF JONES—BIG PIS-
TOL, LOADED, AIMED AT A PROOF-
READER. EDÍTOR, OWN E R—MAD
OWNER. TYPE SCATTERING, BAB-
BITT, HOT BABBITT, COMING HER
WAY. SLUGS, LINOS TURNING OVER,
CATON—LONG—TWO LONGS—BEN-
TON—STAIRS SMASHING—MORE
JONES PANTS—4—4—4 CENTS—\$ \$ \$—
FIRE — POLICE — CHAPMAN — SCAN-
LON—WELLS—DAVIS—JONES — FOUR
—PANTS"—

She, madly awakens with fright—and with sob,
But at eight in the a. m., is back on the job.

THE SUFFRAGE CAUSE

(FIRST POLITICIAN)

"Well, Brother Jones, it's up to us, the thing has
gained submission;
"How can we solve it, once for all, this Suffrage
proposition?
"You know, like you, I'm anti, but they hold this
queer position:
"They've spied to me in every way from smile to
the petition.
"They tell they'll give unto my strength a wonder-
ful addition,
"Backed by their votes and winsome ways, their
classic erudition,
"Till I confess they have me in an 'up-a-tree' condi-
tion.
"I've tried to thwart them every way—by frown
and admonition;
"By playing on each 'home-tie' string alike the best
musician.
"But they come back with arguments without one
slight partition,
"And say that for all ills abroad they are the skilled
physician—
"Knowing that their co-ed laws will give the right
nutrition
"To ill-formed ones they choose to call 'the old
dark age edition.'
"I had to vote and voted 'aye'—I hope without
suspicion—
"And I suppose from this day on I'll do downright
contrition,
"For half of my constituents will damn me to perdi-
tion.

(SECOND POLITICIAN)

"Well, Brother Brown, I thought myself the one
in all creation
"Bothered, as I see you've been by your most frank
citation.
"I'm mighty glad you've put the thing for my con-
sideration
"And to be frank they've worried me, well just like
all tarnation!
"I've bucked their flankings every way: By Biblical
quotation;
"I've told them it would put the land in state of
consternation;
"That womankind would heap upon itself a degra-
dation;
"Why change the constitution as 'twould be of short
duration,
"That they would want to turn again back to the
old foundation;
"That woman should have faith in the good man-
hood of the nation;
"That if I'd vote for it at all 'twould be just on
probation.
"But darned my skin! The more I'd talk against
their propagation
"The more they'd come with arguments from newest
constellation
"And scatter my trite anti stuff all o'er the whole
plantation,
"By saving all their 'rapid-fires' for their last per-
oration.
"You know what Sherman said of war? Well,
that's the situation."

L'ENVOI

The one who penned the lines above is tooth and
nail "ferninst" it.

We'll "bazoo" from this date until election night
"aginst" it.
Then, should the women win, from that time on
they sure can trust us,
We'll vote for women candidates from Governor
to Justice.

UNCLE HENRY TALKS ON DIVORCES

I've been readin' in the papers
Where these husbands and these wives
Are always quarrelin', quarrelin',
Leadin' awful sorts of lives.
Just fightin' like Kilkenny cats
An' all the neighbors know,
But it must be that these neighbors
Are a hoein' the same row,
As they never seem to mind it
Though the quarrelers never blind it.

I go to see the vaud-ville;
Or most any other show,
And they sing and play about it
Sort o' common-like, you know;
As if it were intended
That a man an' wife should fuss;
But I'll say of me an' Hester—
It does not apply to us.
Why, the very thought of fightin'
Would be witherin' an blightin'.

Just take your city record,
An' be durned if it ain't tough
To read of these divorces
An' this other damnin' stuff.
Why, there're more divorces issued
Than there're deeds for real estate.
It must be the devil's runnin'
Round this world of ours of late.

An' he hasn't lost his cunnin'
As he's readin' while he's runnin'.

An' if I remember rightly
That blest marriage service read
That "this binds you two together
Until one or t'other's dead;"
An' when I said "Yes" I meant it;
An' my young bride meant it, too.
An' we're tighter bound together
Than when married life was new.
'Course she's old an' gray—I know it.
So am I, an' well I show it.

There's a fault somewhere with someone!
An' I can not understand
Why they don't sit down together
An' discuss the things at hand.
Do like diplomatic fellers—
Make concessions here and there;
An' before the talk is ended
They'll be kissin' on the square;
An' that after-poutin' kissin'!
Gosh! They don't know what they're missin'!

'Course Hester has her tantrums,
An' away down in my heart
I think it was intended
That these tantrums do their part.
But when I see one a-comin'—
I just mosey out the door
An' visit with the cattle
Or do some pretended chore;
An' about the time it's over—
I come in—and all is clover.

An' I ain't no white-winged angel,
For I have my grumps at times;
When I don't feel like singin' songs
Or runnin' over rhymes;

An' Hester, well, she sees it
But she never bats an eye,
Just keeps on bakin' ginger-bread
An' lemon-custard pie;
An' when she asks me—try 'em—
Why, we both move up close by 'em.

An' they all could do just likewise
' An' be happy all the while,
If they wa'n't so much for parties
An' these seashore trips—an' style.
Just plan with one another
Each tryin' to do his best;
An' live like human bein's
An' let nature do the rest.
Why, it ain't a bit of trouble
Pullin' 'long together—double.

"UNCLE" LIAS

He used to drive over the "county-roads"
In an old rim-tired affair
He called a "buck-board;" and hauled along
By an old string-halted mare
That wouldn't have brought twelve dollars cash
If sold by the auctioneer;
But the outfit served as a "coach-and-four"
For "Uncle" Elias Greer.
And he'd always "give ye a lift" as he'd say
Whenever you'd be a-going his way.
It warmed the cockles of his good old heart
To know he'd taken you "full" or "part."

Bye and bye he disposed of his old "rim-tired"
And the one that took its stead
Was the highest grade of the wheel-wright's art,
With a storm-proof top o'er head.
And the string-halt mare was replaced by a span
Of the swiftest steeds we knew;

But, in his new one, he'd "give ye a lift"
As he always used to do.
He had one proverb, his own indeed:
"The better the hoss the higher the speed!"
A "Thank-you-Uncle" would always pay
For the ride, and he'd have it no other way.

We see him again, in a fine auto;
And the roads that used to be
And plied with concrete, smooth and wide,
And his car runs true and free.
When he'd overtake you going his way
He'd stop as he'd always done
And "give ye a lift" with a graciousness
That warmed like the springtime sun.
We know of others who'll pass us by,
While we stand with longing, wistful eye;
And they've room galore in their fine big car.
Go by with an air: "Just-look-who-we-are."

But 'twas never thus with Elias Greer,
(Who lately passed away)
Whose funeral hour was so sad to all—
That community holiday!
His epitaph, we opine, will read:
"His mind could never drift
From the fellowship of the helping hand
That always 'give ye a lift.'"
And our fancy carries us farther on:
To the golden streets that he'll ride upon—
His companions, the saints and angels fair.
But the fellows who passed us by! Not there.

THAT YALLER DOG

The fam'ly 'crost the street from us is owner of a
cur,
Who's choc-a-block with snarl and fuss and covered
with a fur—

A sort of freakish yellow like a sunbeam through a
fog;
In fact the fam'ly 'crost the street possess a "yaller"
dog.

He'll sneak along the fence-curb as pedestrians go
by;
He'll watch them 'till they've past and then he'll
make an awful try,
As far as you might reckon, to attach on to their
heel;
Make a snap, then dodge away as slip'ry as an eel.

At those who never notice him he'll make a snap
or two.
But when he finds they know his whim is just to
scare he'll do
The gracious thing by leaving them go peace'bly on
their way;
But the ones who give him notice—how he'll publish
the affray.

I sit and watch that cussed cur and have it brought
to mind
How many of his character among the human kind
Who, if you give attention to their little snarls and
snaps,
They'd be constantly arranging for a series of mis-
haps.

For let a fellow start to climb the narrow stair of
fame,
This yellow humanish canine will mark him as his
game;
But when he finds he's gained the place wherefrom
he does command
The admiration of the world—he's first to shake
his hand.

'THE POLE, IT'S OURS

Well we've found it—the pole;
Or, at least, found the hole,
Where the pole tipped the top of creation;
But when we got there
The hole was so bare—
Mr. Pole was away on vacation.

And when he went away,
From his frozen cafe,
(Arranged in a manner exquisite),
We can guess why he went,
As he hadn't a cent
And Doc charges so much a visit.

But we've planted the flag,
And well can we brag,
That no one will e'er come to vex it;
Though this cold frozen north,
Is not of much worth
'Tis plain to be seen—we'll annex it.

And when it's annexed,
We'll be somewhat perplexed
Regarding its right disposition;
'Twill be happy for Taft
As he'll know that no graft
Will enter our new acquisition.

There's one thing we know,
The returns will come slow
At election times—somewhat erratic;
But really, I hope,
For this northern scope,
That Pole state will go Democratic.

And won't it be nice,
When this region of ice—
Found, after so long a tryin',

Will send her first vote,
By sledges and boat,
To Washington—solid for Bryan.

THE CHURCH END-HOG

His seat is in the center aisle,
'Bout half way I would count,
Between the blest communion rail
And the holy water fount.
Though it may seem quite strange to state,
He never comes to service late.

'Tis just the opposite with him,
He's always first one in,
As if he feels his chances slim
As those enmeshed in sin;
Yet, lay one measly fault aside,
He's sort o' half-way sanctified.

He always sits, with gracious smile,
And military pose,
And holds the end seat all the while;
Yet, bows and bends to those
Who, "just for manner's sake," keep still
And smile a thin smile 'gainst their will.

These "bows and bends," now understand,
Are just for ladies who,
Unfortunately do command
A section of his pew.
The men who wish to take a seat
Must wrestle with his knees and feet.

We sit a-rear, a seat or so,
And watch him play his part
With so much militant ego,
Well learned and so by heart.
We sympathize with him a bit
Because he don't move in and sit.

(*Post obitum*)

And now we see him, glory bound
In chariot of gold;
We see the others gathered 'round
All pleased and rightly goaled;
The end seat now he'll gently scoff,
For fear he might be jolted off.

THE "WAZZERS" (?)

There once was a time—a long, long while ago,
When I could beat out a slow bunt and bad throw;
Or puncture the ozone, most every try;
And no one could trim me misjudging a fly.
But that, as I said, was so long, long ago,
That none of the present day players could know.

I can't recollect (though my thoughts I condense)
Of putting the pellet clean over the fence.
Nor 'long on the score card my name ne'er would
gleam,
As being the "clean-up man"—best on the team.
The home runs I made never helped swell the score.
As my runs were for "beans" when the ball game
was o'er.

I know of a bunch—see them o'er at the game,
Who were right in my class, or so nearly the same.
Even yet (if you'd b'lieve them) you'd think they
could play,
But I knew these lads in their palmiest day.
And the only real game that they played well and
won,
Was the game of "free lunch" when the ball game
was done.

Yet, they still sit and tell the boys down in the dust,
That they mustn't do this thing, and this thing they
must.

And when a ball shoots at a cannon ball gait,
And the fielder in line, makes a stop that is great,
But drops it and fails at retiring at first,
These old "never wazzers" yell out—"You're the
worst."

A laddie comes up to the rubber and stands
With his coveted willow encased in his hands.
While a fellow with arms—Herculean make,
Is putting them o'er; and I make no mistake
When I tell you that ball's 'bout the size of a pill—
A compound cathartic—or smaller one still.

But the laddie strikes out and the wazzers get gay,
For they "would a' done it a different way."
The visiting team—well, you'd guess they'd no right
To think they should figure for once in the fight.
But the home team wins out, "they're the best team
on earth."
The visitors win and our boys aren't worth—a cuss.

I'LL TAKE MINE BY TROLLEY

Some folks prate about the horse
As one of man's best creatures;
And riding back or stride of him
As one of life's main features;
But when I see him tearing down
The street just like blue-blazes—
I simply say, "Well all can have
Their special human crazes."

Others like the aeroplane,
In skyward flights ascending;
And sailing 'mongst and 'bove the clouds,
Find pleasure never ending;
But when I see their wings of joy,
Refuse to gyrate splendid,
And transform into wings of death,
My admiration's ended.

Then, again, there's others love
The automobile's clamor;
And tell with glee of punctured tire,
And work with wrench and hammer;
But when I note their skidding ways,
And turning-turtle custom,
And leaving sombre hues behind,
I always will mistrust 'em.

So, automobiles, aeroplanes
And Mister Horse, go sailing;
I'll watch you flying on your way,
With never thought of wailing,
Now don't mistake me that I'm dead
In love with locomotion;
I have my transportation fad
That suits my every motion.

That's the simple trolley car,
So very seldom fickle,
And carries you for mile on mile
For Uncle Sammy's nickle;
And leaves you off just where you want
With Chesterfield precision
Then onward jogs—to all alike—
Along its set division.

You never quiz of gasoline,
And rubber tires ne'er bother;
Price of oats or corn or hay
Or one thing or another.
All may ride their aeroplane
Or automobile—jolly;
Or back of two-ten trotting lads,
But I'll take mine by trolley.

YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR TIME

We've read that famed old proverb,
Oft in prose and oft in rhyme,
That reads—"Procrastination
Is the wholesome thief of time."
But those who've been observant,
And who've studied man and clime.
Well know 'tis oft quite prudent
For to take—your—time.

(For instance)

You watch a horse go sailing
Down the track without a break;
You picture him a winner
And you want to make a stake;
But—strike the confidential
With the "bookie" so sublime,
He's liable to whisper;
"Just you—take—your—time."

The deal is consummated,
You've three acres full on jacks;
You shove your chips to center,
Wish you'd half a dozen stacks;
But another man's four deuces
On the "show-down" looks so prime,
And you wish, as you walk homeward,
That—you—took—your—time.

You go to some swell function
As some other fellow's guest;
The music is entrancing
And you're feeling at your best;
You're posing non de plumely
As a personage sublime,
When some fellow calls you "piker"—
You should—take—your—time.

You go to church on Sunday
Strut a-down the middle aisle;
You surely are "some pumpkins,"
All would judge you by your style;
But when asked a contribution
And you haven't got a dime,
You'll then recall the maxim—
"You—should—take—your—time."

You note a winsome lady
Strolling down the avenue;
Gowned in height of fashion
From the hat on to the shoe;
You hint a small flirtation.
And you're sorry for your crime
As the husband upper-cuts you—
You—should—take—your—time.

A hundred illustrations
We could cite if cite we would,
When this old time-worn saying
Is nogoodest of no good;
So we'll suggest this new one:
If you'd hit the proper chime;
In case where doubt's existing—
You—should—take—your—time.

THE KNOCKER

You can tell him the minute he enters the stand—
The knocker,
As he leisurely plods down the aisle—feeling grand,
This knocker.
His deep basso voice is well tuned for the day;
His wornout old lingo is brought into play;
Most any occasion—he's there with his say—
This knocker.

He knocks on the man who has charge of the team—
The knocker;
He kicks on the pitcher for “shortage of steam”—
This knocker;
A “hot one” worms through the infield for a hit;
An outfielder muffs a line drive, ’fore it lit;
A catcher’s passed ball—he is due for a fit—
This knocker.

The management surely comes in for its share
From knocker;
They’re “tight-wads” and short-skates,” don’t use
their men fair,
Says knocker.
The salaries paid are entirely too small;
The price of admission’s too high; he’d install
An up-to-date system—were he playing ball—
Our knocker.

The street car arrangements are plunk on the bum—
Says knocker;
The venders of crackerjack, pop, chewing gum,
Per knocker,
Should not be allowed to parade through the stand
A-yelling their wares; and were he in command
He’d see that such dealers would rightly be ban-
ned—
Sir knocker!

Thank heavens, his visits are made once a week—
This knocker,
And not every day is he licensed to speak,
This knocker.
Should he come every day, we will tell on the square,
That we know scores of fans who would never be
there;
As he gets on the nerves of the ones who play fair—
Sir knocker.

We hope 'fore he leaves for his eternal home—
 This knocker;
That age and observings may mellow him some—
 Old knocker.
Of course we don't know what our sentence may be,
When our precious souls from these bodies are free;
But if he's the same in the eternity,
And his lot is heaven—"Please, please excuse me"—
 Sir knocker.

"TEDDY'S OUT"

Teddy's back! Of course you knew it;
 Cutting up his pranks again.
Aetna thought she'd beat him to it;
 Roared and belched—grew quiet when
Theodore came marching by,
With his "big stick" flaunted high.

Twelve long months down in the jungle;
 Just a word came now and then;
Writ when safe within his bungalow—
 Ow, and free from beast and men,
'Course it ne'er would rightly do
To keep still 'till his trip was through.

Came to Egypt; saw the Sphinx and
 Pyramids and brave Khedive.
Made a speech before the grand-stand,
 Just to start things 'fore he'd leave.
Did it well, and for reward,
Had from then a body-guard.

On to Rome, like brave Attila;
 Made engagements in advance.
One to call at Peter's Villa,
 If in perfect concordance
With *his* wishes. Hark! A thud!
Stirs his Amsterdamish blood.

From the Vatican there comes the
Laws that rule the visitors.
But, they do not suit this Teddy,
Other's modes he well abhors,
Likes to stalk the whole blamed world,
With his Ego flag unfurled.

Says "To Hades with all restrictions!"
"I will act just as I please!"
But, he'll never change convictions,
Of these Reverent D. D's.
Same old saying—always true—
"In Rome do as the Romans do."

But, of course, we will excuse him,
Coming in from Jungle land;
Etiquettes a-time refuse him
Open paths to courts, so bland.
Hope he gets a few more raps,
'Twill bring him back to earth—perhaps.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS I REMEMBER

The first Christmas I remember!
Well, 'twas quite a spell ago;
I recall it so distinctly—
All except the mistletoe;
But that parasite, just then,
To a chap of eight or ten,
Wouldn't figure with the sweetmeats
That were lined up in a row.

The first Christmas I remember
Is the sweetest yet, to me,
As I got one certain present
That o'erwhelmed my heart with glee:
I can see it yet today,
Though it's long since gone the way
Of most every Christmas present
Of the wearable degree.

'Twas a deep brown, shiny Derby
With an eyelet in the top.
And it—well, I can't describe it—
But I know I would not swap
That exquisite joy I'd then
For the wealth of all the men
Who're the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street—
That paternal bucket shop.

I've had Christmas after Christmas
To go by without a stop;
And am pleased to say, enjoyed them,
With "the best that's in the shop."
But none e'er appealed to me—
(Here's where one and all agree)
As the Christmas of the Derby
With the eyelet in the top.

YOU'RE O. K., MISS HOBBLE

First we didn't like the hobble
When it came our way;
Now we find we've changed opinions—
Hope it's come to stay.
Think they've made a real hit,
Ever notice how they fit?

Once we couldn't understand just
How the thing was planned
As regards the taking care of
Petticoats so grand—
Those that shine and rustle so
And look so pretty, don't you know.

We had always learned to think that
Underskirts, you know,
Really were necessary—
Didn't you think so?
Thought the trousseau not complete
'Thout them dangling 'bove the feet.

Seems as how we've been mistaken—
Underskirts have gone;
All adjustings 'fore the hobble's:
 Gird your bloomers on;
They must fit like an athlete's shirt
So's not to crease the hobble skirt.

Little awkward when ascending
 Stair-steps and the like,
Or hopping 'crost some four-foot mud-holes
 Out along the pike.
But, when calves are shapely and
Stockings right—the skirts are grand.

Sev'ral reasons that we like them—
 First, the cost is small
And the price for bloomer makings
 Hardly counts at all;
About a dollar sixty cents
When made without embellishments.

THE CLOSE-FITTING SKIRT

Seen it? No. To tell the truth,
 'Tis quite a task to see it rightly;
One hates to stare like some mad youth;
 And then, again, it fits so tightly.
Now, if the girl be tall and spare
 And skirty fits her on the square,
It looks (her pardon I must beg),
 'Bout like a good sized breeches leg.

Fleshy folks will all be glad
 Because it shows their real dimensions,
Then, as to what they have or had,
 The skirt will settle all dissensions.
We family chaps will welcome it—
 (Not just because we like the fit),
But simply that the cost of such
 Can only be but half as much.

It surely will work havoc on
Dressmakers and the lady tailors;
No ruffles, pleats or tucks anon,
Than on our natty summer sailors.
All in the world you have to do
Is take about a yard or two,
(Double width), sew on the band—
A bottom hem, and all is grand.

All hail the skirt—straight up and down
And fitting close. It is a beauty.
It beats the bunchy hobbled gown
And drives the parachute from duty.
Every drygoods dealer should
Of course condemn the hardihood
Of him or her who groomed the style—
No more 'tis dress goods by the mile.

THE HAREM SKIRT

We've seen it—it has our o. k.
We guess it is a comer.
We'll venture—'twill be working gay
Before the end of summer.
We cannot understand just why
They're raising such a hue and cry
Because it's Oriental;
As in these up-to-datish days
Of we-don't-give-a-damish ways—
Who cares a continental?

Let those of us who can recall
The styles and rightly tell 'em;
Styles for winter on to fall
In days so ante-bellum;
We see the hoop-skirt, big and wide
Worn by our grand-mam-ma with pride;
And we, as the narrators,
Can see her in the minuet

Exposing "pants" with frills to let
A-dangling to her gaiters.

And these dear girls, before the war,
Were just as much for fashion
As lassies nowadays—maybe more—
And master hands at mashin'
The pantalettes they sported then
Were not repulsive to the men
(We know we're speaking truly);
As she who wore the deepest frills
Was never "sitting through quadrilles"—
And led the grand march duly.

Now, Abdul Hamid harem skirt,
You have our firm approval,
But to the wearer we'll assert—
Be careful on removal;
That is, guard well 'gainst cold and cough
When e'er you take the wool ones off,
When Spring proclaims her diction.
And girls, if you see fit to wear
The harem skirt, go buy a "pair"—
Is "pair" a fact or fiction?

THE SIGN OF SPRING

We've seen the birds migrating north;
Heard robins sing for all they're worth;
We've felt the balmy breezes from
The "Silv'ry Rio Grande."
Those wise boys who know each degree
Of every breeze of land or sea,
Will mention with a knowing air,
That, "Spring is now at hand."

They'll see the lightning's forked flash
That starts the thunder drums to clash,
And this along in early March,
Before Saint Patrick's Day;

Then start at once to twaddle o'er
The early spring of eighty-four,
That set in just like this one did—
The same precocious way.

They'll watch the buds begin to swell;
They'll spy the green in yonder dell;
They'll note a languid feeling (that
They're rarely e'er without)
They'll keep their ear close to the ground
To hear that never failing sound
(The hollow cough), and then they know
'Tis spring beyond a doubt.

But when, some night, as they repose,
Old Boreas shoots out some blows,
And Mister Jackson Frost decides
He'll take another chance.
They wake to find their prophecies
Have "looped the loop"—but, still at ease,
They say 'tis rather hard to guess
The weather in advance.

As far as we're concerned ourselves,
We'll put no woolens on the shelves,
Because the sun bursts through the clouds
And hits us all at once;
Nor just because the thunder rolls,
Enlightening prognostic souls,
Will we be tempted—nix, not us—
To pull these simple stunts.

The birds that want to fly northwise
From southern suns and southern skies,
May fly as far as they may like,
That's up to them. But when
The birds are all in perfect tune
And roses tell the month is June.
Why then we'll all agree that Spring
Has come and gone again.

THE OFFICE ROLLER-TOWEL

We're bidding good-bye to the old roller-towel,
That hung to its moorings 'longside of the sink:
Where Fritz, Pat and Hal on to "Sandy" Mc-
Dowell

Were wont to be drying, from water to ink:
The grease from the oilers; the rust from the boilers
Served well as the soilers of towel—we think.

Day in and night out it performed well its mission
And sounded the same on each yank at the side;
We'll not bring out detail regarding condition
Except a few statements that should be applied;
The half-washed defacings; the nicotine tracings.
And nose-wiped disgracings with which it was
dyed.

How oft have we grasped it with eyes that were
stinging
From soap-suds o'ercharged with acute alkali,
And find our old standby just right for a wringing.
Instead of inviting a patron to dry;
But it did its mission without inquisition
Regarding conditions or questioning why.

And now it departs from its time-honored station,
And hies to the dump on oblivion's shore,
With knowledge at hand that it's wiped all creation
And sighs with relief that its duties are o'er.
In curt retrospections it counts the dejections
And numbers infections it's caused by the score.

DODDRIDGE REMINISCING

As we pedal to rhyme on the cycle of time,
And reel off life's joys and its sorrows;
'Twould not be amiss for an odd reminisce—
Why always todays and tomorrow?

I get as much good, as most any one could,
In fact I most deem it a bounty,
To turn to the days of our fights and our plays
At Greenwood in old Doddridge County.

Where I see Wickliffe Bee, full of jolliest glee,
Advising that none make a blunder,
But, live all the time, if you'd spend an odd dime,
For a bottle of his "Greenwood's wonder."

I'm down at the mill, by the side of the rill,
That was run by the "Old man" O'Donnell;
An Irishman he, of the second degree—
Third cousin to Daniel O'Connell.

I look up the track towards the Summit and back,
And I see father stand at attention;
With a flag in his hand the fast mail to command,
And forty per month was his pension.

I fancy Jim Shore, with his trousers seat tore,
Where Robert Damascus had ripped 'em,
In their half an hour bout, until both men played
out,
Then I see Bob, go down when Jim tripped 'im.

There's Jimmy McGraw, with his pipe in his paw,
With his stories of banschees and fairies;
And our own "Little Welt," from the Evergreen
belt,
And Dotsons, ne'er cursed with contraries.

Then joining our farm, and so void of all harm,
Is our hard-working friend, Jimmy Carder.
Benningers, Doaks and the Shaughnessy folks,
And all with a plentiful larder.

Hick Waldo and gun, from across on Gum Run;
And "Uncle Ben" Welch, with his "swappers;"
Then Old Peter Myers, with his anvil and pliers
Renowned as a spinner of "whoppers."

Then Winfield Ellifrits—I can see as he sits,
And this sitting he did with much pleasure.
And Billy Clark, he, who made coffins with glee,
Whenever you'd bring him "a measure."

How they'd sit 'round the store, when their day's
work was o'er
And point out the laws for correction—
Vote early and late (and usu'ly straight)—
The result, half and half in complexion.

Then the women, so true, I remember them too;
I see them just ever so plainly.
When they'd gossip or praise (as it suited their
ways)
And their ways were the praising ways mainly.

When with pleasure I spy, the boys older than I;
And on to the babe of the section;
There was none real bad as not one ever had
To be sent to the "House of Correction."

And now, the dear girls, with their bustles and
curls,
(A bunch of the winsomest misses)
They'd each have a beau whom they'd love well you
know,
But my, they were stingy with kisses.

Now, when we're all gone, to the "Mystic Beyond,"
'Fore we go, may our sins be forgiven.
And I know I'll feel great (if I get through the
gate)
To meet the whole crowd up in heaven.

THE FELLOW WHO PEDDLES THE BOOKS

If ever there was one poor creature
Who's traveled the famed rocky road,
Who's specialty was the whole feature
That added the weight to his load;
'Tis he who's our friend, if we knew it
(As much so as competent cooks)
We state this, and never will rue it—
The fellow who peddles the books.

He starts, with digested prospectus,
And language of smoothest degree;
His trade is, of course, to infect us
With thoughts of the litera-ree;
His countenance beaming a-splendor,
And clean, spick and span in his looks;
He's there, as the sage's defender—
This fellow who peddles the books.

He, softly, a threshold approaches;
He gives a meek ring of the bell;
Milady will quiz—"who encroaches?"
And yells like a maniac—"Well,
Who's there?" When she sees it's a stranger—
(She'll guess a precursor of crooks)
He answers, "Why, madam, no danger;
I'm merely a peddler of books."

As soon as she's learned his dire mission
Biff! Bang! goes the door with a smash!
The lad of the calloused condition
Moves on with the same sunny dash,
As if the reception, as stated,
Put coin in his wallet's deep nooks,
To such an extent it inflated
The fellow who peddles the books.

Bell after bell he will jingle,
Sales? Yes, he'll make quite a few,
Whene'er with the lore folk he'll mingle
(We hope we are talking to you).
Miss? Yes, he'll miss them in numbers,
But these things ne'er pallor his looks,
Nor put a nightmare in his slumbers—
Those slumbers, of him, of the books.

We'll ne'er put a card in our transom
That reads—"You book agents, come in—
Male or female—young and handsome—
Or, aged and ugly as sin."
But this—without equivocation,
We'll say: in our den there're no hooks
To jerk from his equilibration
The fellow who peddles the books.
* * * * *

We dream—the sleep-god shows the city
With gates of the golden and white;
Our sin-tainted soul says, "A pity
Our lot is eternity's night."
We list to the angelic voices;
We see the saints (know from their looks).
And the saint who most sauvely rejoices
Is the fellow who peddled the books.

MARY ELLEN DWYER

Her father, Tom Dwyer, from the County Mayo,
Had married Anne Burke from the County
Tyrone;
On all sides their pedigree—white as the snow—
In all their "connections" no rascal was known;
And we've run back their lines to be sure this is true
To the "Time of the Dane" and brave Brian Boru.

She had five big brothers—let's see, there was James,
Thomas and Timothy, Matthew and Paul—
Thoroughly sensible, Biblical names

And she was called, plain Mary Ellen—that's all.
Ellen—what name of a higher degree,
Except, perhaps, Mary, “The Star of the sea?”

Well Mary, of course, the one girl of the flock,
Was humored and petted and spoiled—so they
say;

She never ran short if the dressmaker's stock
Would amply supply her in every way.
Her parents seemed swayed by her every wile
And her brothers well saw her in latest of style.

James was a merchant and prospered as such;
Matthew and Timothy took to the law;
Paul was an artist with exquisite touch.
And Thomas, a priest, without blemish or flaw.
And each in his turn scaled the ladder of fame—
Proud—in one fact—of the Dwyer to their name.

Mary was sent to academies—best—
Drank in the English—digested it, too—
Latin and German and French and the rest
That makes one a linguist so thorough and true.
Took highest honors in music and art
There's no one denying that Mary was smart.

On came commencement—that coveted day,
That boy, or, that girl (when they're first on the
list)
Receive their prized laurels of victory. Aye,
Yes—there are some who these laurels have
missed!
But Mary was robed as a conquering queen
And acted her part in sublimest of mien.

Parents and brothers were surely on hand
And held seats of honor—the very front row.
The “Exercise Program” they carefully scanned
And—think of their horror! Yes, think of their
woe!

When their Mary Ellen's name failed to appear
Upon either page. We are talking sincere.

Matthew and Timothy—lawyers, and fine
Looked it all o'er from the first to the last;
Paul, the great artist, surveyed every line;
Then Thomas, the priest, rightly looked on
aghast;
James and the parents—all failed to evoke
Aught but Mary Ellen had played them a joke.

The curtain goes up and the program is on;
The salutatorian makes the first bow;
Then, everything, as per schedule is done
By talent the best Nature e'er could endow.
The valedictorian closes—and sir,
Guess who this lady was—Mae Nelle DeWer.

* * * * *

Sessions by Dwyers were held right away;
Parents and sons were in deepest chagrin;
Mae Nelle was called for her part in the play—
(Thomas, the father was madder than sin)
And swore by Saint Patrick he'd never concur
To will e'en one cent to this Mae Nelle DeWer.

Sons and the mother were just as strong set
Showed where she'd caused them to blush red
with shame.
And Mae—well you'd not lose a cent if you'd bet
She lost no time striking the French from her
name.
And now she considers no compliment higher,
Than having her mail addressed—
“Mary E. Dwyer.”

THE MATINEE GIRL

The matinee girl is right with us once more;
Just as bouyant and chipper and sweet as of yore;
With that same care-free face set with coquetish
eye—
We 'fess—"she looks good," as she passes us by.

We love her. We're honest and telling the truth
When we say, though no more we are quite in our
youth,
We like every frolic and fashion and fad
That goes with the girl who is "matinee mad!"

We like her curt pose as she strides down the aisle;
Her cheery hand-clap and her giggle and smile;
And 'though fogies knock on her manner and dress
They're rightly refreshing to us, we confess.

We look on and smile when the matinee's o'er
As she'll coyishly glance towards the "stage-en-
trance" door
To see if her idol (no matter his age)
Is as cute on the street as he is on the stage.

Again we have noticed, though ten in a bunch
When they move towards the drug-store for lightest
of lunch,
They'll crowd 'round *one* table, no matter how
small,
To be served as they order, or not served at all.

And though they agree as to tastes on the show—
On the way he proposed and the way she said "No!"
And the way that the villain went down o'er the
slope—
No two of them order the same kind of "dope."

And 'tis pleasant to list to the chit-chat of these
In their talkings of "hims" and discussings of "hes;"

And we like every whit of their cackle and noise,
All chatt'ring at once of the show and the boys.

* * * * *

We know this dear girl and we've looked her well
o'er

For the last twenty years, or perhaps a few more;
And we're proud when we note she's as pretty today
As the girl that we knew 'fore our hair turned to
grey.

As giddy, and just as much, right in the whirl
As her mother was back, back when she was a girl.
And though that same mother is prettier now
With her matronly form and deep furrowed brow—

We'll tell of her, girls, she liked matinees too—
Enjoyed them as rightly as any of you
When she grew determined, was thoroughly bent
On seeing the show if it took our last cent.

WHEN WE'RE TRIMMED

The time was—not so long ago—
We thought ourselves the whole blamed show
For sundry dif'rent reasons:
The one—no playlet anywhere
Was IT unless ourselves were there;
As we could do the thing for fair
In any of the seasons.
To try and "put a thing across"
Without our presence, meant a loss.

No festival was e'er complete;
No choir could start, right on the beat
'Thout our initiative;
No one could play the black-face part,
Or dash the Irish off by heart,
Or spiel the German from the start—
Their minds were uncreative—
And none in after-dinner speech
Or "dialect" were in our reach,

The "pencil shovers" of the press
Would always place a special stress
Upon our smart renditions.
And when it came to politics,
We had the bulge on Dutch and Micks
In showing "old heads" winning tricks—
(Who posed as politicians)—
In fact we knew this old world wept
When we took to our couch and slept.

* * * * *

We woke—our pipe was out and we
Were aught but in a reverie:
The cold facts loomed before us—
We scanned the "Weekly doings" through
(And they were not a stingy few)
And comments paid to actors new
Where anything but porous.
In fact to tell the mighty truth
We read—"The Aptitude of Youth!"

We saw where Billy Jones's role
In "dialect" was 'bout the whole
Thing in smart recitation,
Along the "Hoosier," "Yankee" line.
And Johnnie Robinson was fine
In "darkey" stunts. And Will O'Brien
In "Irish" beat the nation.
The program from the first to last
Far, far excelled those of the past.

We turned to "Politics," and saw
Wheret a fellow named Henshaw
(A juvenile 'twas mentioned)
Had swept our ward from stem to stern,
Without pretention or concern;
'Though we had cash and cash to burn,
And used it "well intentioned."
We pinched ourselves a little bit—
Asked "Who is who?" and "Who is IT?"

We read about a festal board,
And wine—the finest ever poured
 Adown the handled glasses.
Ran through each after-dinner talk,
Where pathos and best wit did stalk ;
And all pulled off without a balk,
 Which pleased the younger classes.
We saw where some raw amateur
Read verse on verse of poem pure.

* * * * *

We're glad we looked that paper through.
We greet these champions, so new,
 And hand the laurels over;
Because 'twas ever thus, and we
Are not unlike humanity.
We played our part to best degree,
 And, like the beaten lover
We shake our rival's hand at least,
And dance long at his wedding feast.

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR "TILLIES?"

We sent Tillie off to the college
 To learn elocution and art
With music and culture, all knowledge
 That makes one attractive and smart.
And during the time she was going
 And home now and then for a spell;
How proud we all were in the knowing
 She did her turn *willing* and well.

She played the old masters just splendid ;
 Her painting, to us, was divine;
And, while she of course ne'er pretended,
 Her modes of expression were fine.
One study as well as the other ;
 It seemed not an effort to please;
And things, that to some, such a bother
 Were rendered by Tillie with ease.

We lived in her future—just waiting
That wished-for and coveted day
When we would all cease contemplating,
“How Tillie would sing and would play?”
E'en though we were sure her rendition
Would be, as the best in the class,
The qualm with acute premonition
Had caused us to fear for the lass.

But how our quaint qualms went asunder
When Tillie appeared in her role;
We sat much in awe and in wonder
And deep from our innermost soul
Made known to ourselves and all others
That she was the best of the lot—
The pride of her sisters and brothers
With parents o'erwhelmed on the spot.

It cost—but who cares what it cost us!
The realization offset
All care for the money she lost us:
At once we were glad to forget
That she was expense, yes, or trouble—
Accomplished and happy and mild!
In fact our investment paid double—
If we could speak thus of our child.

She played and she sang and recited—
At home; at the concert or hall.
Her hearers at all times delighted
To say she was queen of them all.
Her paintings won all the “First prizes;”
Her china was classed all alone.
And manifold were the devises
To rob her, of course, of her throne—

First, this one came out and competed
For honors in music and art;
And others (with studies completed)
Made bids for her laurels—*delsarte*.

While hundreds made futile endeavor,
And futile it was we declare,
To eclipse her voice—but no, never—
None, none could with Tillie compare—

Until bold Dan Cupid assailed her
With weapons so wheedling and true.
He let go a dart that impaled her
Like legions of others. And, too,
Our Tillie showed naught of resistance
But seemed to be happy—impaled.
She wed, and how short was the distance
Back, back since bold Cupid assailed.

* * * * *

Just now—she is Mistress McCarty,
And lives—in O'Raferty's Flat;
With husband, big, handsome and hearty,
And six new McCartys at that.
She sings—while she washes the dishes;
She paints—the wainscoting and floor;
Recites—anytime that she wishes,
And plays—while she answers the door.

The violin solo's, forgotten;
Her folio—crumbling with age;
Her paint brush and palette are rotten;
She ne'er quotes from poet or sage;
Her books are all shelf-worn and musty;
Piano—untuned and unknown;
Her canvas—is wrinkled and dusty;
Her voice—well; we'll leave that alone.

So here is what happens our "Tillies"
Who come home accomplished and wise;
They meet with our "Tommies" and "Willies"
And play the "exchanging" of eyes.
The ones who have done these "exchangings,"
Who've played leading parts in the game,
Know well there are other "arrangements"—
But tell us—is Tillie to blame?

"POMPOUS FLYNN"

Sacred to the memory of
James Flynn
(Known as, "Pompous.")
Departed this life June 30, 1910.
Total loss. No insurance.

He says "Along about July, or August or September
A good sized policy I'll buy, you help me to remem-
ber,
So come around but do not bore me if you see me
busy,
E'en though I'm merely talking o'er "Society's" with
Lizzie;
Or on my way to see the game; or chatting with a
neighbor;
Or telephoning some "old flame;" or rightly down
to labor.
Just let me have my good old time and I'll try
and remember
That on your wagon I will climb, not later than
September."
Now this was 'long 'bout "Patrick's Day," within
the month of blizzards,
That test your frame in ev'ry way from bellowses
to gizzards.
The underwriter bluffed of course went on his way
lamenting—
Soliloquising—"Could be worse. How few we meet
consenting.
To buy the best thing in the land when kindly
peddled to them,
But try and make you understand, that you are
there to 'do' them."
Well old July came rolling in—the underwriter
hurries
To keep his date with "Pompous" Flynn who hates
insurance worries.

But "Pompous," just the night before, was learning
aviation;
The motor quit! A mighty roar! And all was
consternation;
And all therein were scared thereby, as down the
monster started—
Another crack! Another sigh! The mighty bag has
parted!
They hit the ground an awful smash! No physical
endurance
Could stand this most concussive crash—Flynn died
without insurance.

Moral.

We have legions of Flynns. Are you one of them?

PERCY CRANIUM

In memory of Percy Cranium.

Born July 4, 1885, Died July 4, 1910.

A perfect Sphinx for his years;
Just as mysterious and as firm
as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The underwriter starting out, in fairly good condition,
Bumps into Percy Cranium—a stiffish proposition.
He asks forgiveness, at the start, with most profound
contrition,
For having dared to call on *him*, he, of such erudi-
tion.
The first thing he explains, of course, is purpose of
his mission.
He shows a "Twenty Payment Life," with acci-
dent addition.
He shows him every feature, then explains the small
tuition

That is required to turn the trick. Then names a
good physician
Who'll look him o'er and though he be a Scotchman
or Venetian,
He knows he'll feel much better with completed
requisition.
He played on every string he knew, just like a
good musician,
But Cranium could not be switched from his well-
set position.
The agent hiked and Percy laughed to scorn his
meek petition
And said "Why that man is a fool—the very last
edition."
Well Percy loved the gasoline of strongest recogni-
tion.
The auto's chug was melody to him without parti-
tion.
One evening in the month of May, he and a politician
Were driving at a rapid rate as to defy submission.
The road was damp—the auto skid without a pre-
monition,
A-down the deep and dark abyss, and our bland
intuition
Would say that Percy's up on high, or flound'ring in
perdition.
* * . * * * *

We knew and know him well. Though dead he lives.

MISTER POMPOSITY

His stride down the street is the important sort;
His brows drawn as if in deep thought;
A facial giration will oftentimes distort
His features—though p'rhaps meaning nought.
Some say this giration
Is pure affectation,
And others will say that the knit in the brow
Is simply a pose.

May be! Goodness knows!
But we never could guess why he'd use it—somehow.

You call at his office for this thing or that;

Your card must proceed you of course—
He cons—"Is it business or is it a chat:

For what does he want this discourse?"

Because he's so busy

His head's always dizzy

And filled up with matters of O, so much weight.

'Tis simply astounding

The way he keeps pounding

Away at his tasks from the sunrise 'till late.

He's known (and he gloats o'er the fact that he is)
As "the busiest man in the town."

Appointments with him must be strictly for biz,
And in this line he's there with the crown.

He ne'er takes vacation

Of shortest duration;

Though others may go to the mountain or shore
He works on routinely

And figures quite keenly

On twenty percentum and wishing for more.

He knows every "stock" and he knows well its
worth;

He knows when to buy and when not.

Familiar with finance to ends of the earth;

All else, to his brain, is pure rot.

While you talk to "Honey"—

He's doping on money.

And while other folk are at ball-game or show,

He's doting on "Earnings"

With selfish-like yearnings;

These yearnings that transfer your locks to the
snow.

No one would invest, say to any amount
Without asking this man's advice.
And of course if the "buy" was of "any account,"
He'd always wedge in on a slice.
Those knowing him splendid
Would say his work ended
Whene'er his poor nature demanded a rest—
E'en then in his sleeping
We're told he'd be keeping
The sleep-god a-watch—for a chance to invest.

* * * * *

One day it was noted the eight o'clock bell
Found Mister Pomosity's chair
Vacant. And inquiry brought back—"Not well!"
"And the doctor suggests change of air."
But while thus arranging
For this climate changing,
The nurse well detected a short'ning of breath.
The Messenger entered!
With every dart centered
Direct in the heart by this true archer, Death!

His funeral service—last Tuesday at nine.
The sermon was short and concise.
The soloists sang in their style superfine,
(And of course at their regular price).
The mourners looked saddened
(Some say they were gladdened).
His business-place opened next morning on time.
His splendid successor
'S a finance professor
With every new method progressive and prime.

SHE WAS TRULY A FADDIST

She was a faddist—Kitty Crews;
Tho, 'side from that, alert and pretty.
Extremes of fashion—just her views—
And looked exactly right, thought Kitty.
It seems as if she *dreamed* the plates
Of all the latest “up to dates”
Long, long before the slower set
Betook themselves to thinking, yet.

You mind when all wore “pointed toes,”
The finer point, the best creation?
Well Kitty had a score of those,
In shades to suit most any nation.
She, too, had colored hose to suit
Her every shade of pump or boot.
A “change of styles” meant wholesome news
To our extremist—Kitty Crews.

Again, take “Merry Widow” hats—
The widest ones—correct for Kitty;
Reposing on extensive rats—
Well, we'll confess, she looked quite pretty.
But, see her at the matinee
When all the ladies did display
Those hats that give the men a fit—
The smallest head-piece sat on Kit.

The hobble skirt had scarce been planned
When Kitty waltzed down street “right in it.”
It surely classified her; and
We said again—“Right to the minute.”
Then, let Dame Fashion change her theme
To just the opposite extreme—
Why Kitty'd doff the tabooed one
And put the “very latest” on.

You'd guess, of course when Kitty'd fall
In love 'twould be with one as nobby—
Not so. She picked on John McFall
Reverse of fops and those so snobby.
Now John was one of these, who, when
A style was "going out," why then
He always got quite busy and
Went in and bought the last on hand.

No "peg-top" pantaloons for John.
No "pointed toes" of gaudy hueings;
No loose-cut coat thrown rakish on;
Nor "full-dress" at the evening's doings."
He'd wear no "fuzzy-wuzzy" hats,
Nor flashy-colored loud cravats
Until the time they'd "spent their force"
And then he bought the bunch, of course.

The sages who've watched Cupid's ways
All tell us that to mate correctly—
"Wed our opposites." We praise
Those men for speaking circumspectly.
And if two ever lived who took
Their lessons from the rival book,
These were the real two, all said—
But John and Kitty loved, and wed.

Well, time went by, and little Johns
And little Kitties came to bother
And to love and be loved ones—
The *girls* were all just like their father—
Oddish in their dress and mien.
The boys—alike Dame Fashion's queen,
Their mother—style to the last cent—
Always broke or badly bent.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE

Ever a candidate? No! Why, old man
There's something you've missed! Now as quick as
you can
Pick out some good office you'd like to attain
And then, cut right in, with your might and your
main.
Don't pick something small
And worth nothing at all,
Save honor. Though honor is "some pumpkins"
too,
When your fortune is made and your troubles are
through.
But honor to one with a family of eight,
And pork-chops at thirty the pound—butcher's
weight—
Is—well it's alright but the job I'd suggest
Is the one where work's lightest and salary—best.

Now—well, we'll just say
State Auditor! Hey?
To get this, you send your "Announcement"—
state-wide—
To all daily papers and weeklies, beside.
You ask them to run it; they answer just fine—
Though add—"Advertisements are ten cents a line—
But since through this ad. you may pull down a
prize,
We'll set it in type of a different size—
Like 'Ten-point' for instance, the sort that we use
For meetings and other political news:
And here we will state
Our directors of late
Have put special stress on the Candidate's rate."
And that is: they first find the size of your pile
And then set the price at a figure worth while.
Now, say in event that your money came "soft"

And they'd heard you'd been touched, and how
easy you "coughed"—

In cases like these—European in plan—
"Fifty and up" or as much as they can.

And then you let go
Of your first bunch of "dough,"

The 'Announcement' is spread to the four winds:
And then

On come the letters from prominent (?) men
Suggesting you write, say to John Henry Smith,
(And let me add here this "John Henry" 's a myth)
And have him to see all the delegates who

Do the convention act—"tried men and true"—

Instructing them rightly
And binding them tightly

For you to the last without any release—

(Of course this will cost you—O, so much a piece).

Ballot on ballot proceeds 'till at length
You hear where you *might* gain a little more strength
By seeing (?) Bill Jones from the County of Clay—
(This "seeing" is done in the usual way).

He's "seen." They proceed
Each staunch county to read,
Commencing with "A,"
In the time-honored way,
'Till the leather-lunged clerk calls the County of
Clay:

Right here Jones "makes good" as he promised he'd
do,

Announcing the county goes solid to you.

Then on down the list of the counties they go

'Till your most bitter rival well knows there's no
show,

When some bassoed fellow yells out with much
fuss—

"I move that we make it unan-i-a-mous!"

The job is now done
And, old boy, you have won,
Now here's where your troubles have rightly begun.
Each lad that you meet who was delegate there
Will tell how he made you the choice. And he'll
swear
That had he not fought like the famed stag at bay
For you, you'd have lost in that fiercely-fought fray.

(When 'tween you and me
I will tell you that he
Was working against you as hard as could be).

Then on comes the campaign. Committee assigns
Your duties to you in a few splendid lines
Commencing like this: "Your assessment is set
At one thousand dollars, and *please don't forget*
That labor and rent, stationery and such
With speakers and lit'rature cost O, so much.
So, kindly remit by the earliest post.
Yours Truly, (the chairman) Paul Theodore Yost."

You do as he'll say
And the check goes away—
You get a receipt on the following day.

Then comes your itine'ry showing your "billed"
To speak here and there and "*these dates must be*
filled,"
Because it's a "fight for our lives" and to win
There's no time to lose; so next Monday begin.

This letter was written
By Thomas J. Whitten.
A fellow who'd managed successful campaigns
In states like old Texas, and "made *awful* gains!"
(And here let me state he just furnished the brains—
While others produced the "long-green" he just sat
And told all the candidates where they were at).

Now, Mr. McGinnis, or what e'er your name,
You're starting right now, to get into the game.
And into it squarely—please take it from me—
(Talk of a Mason—degrees, thirty-three)
You get sixty-six every county you hit
By fellows who make you believe you are IT.
They tell you of how, for 'bout sixty-five "bones,"
Arranged so's to parcel in trivial "loans"
Of one dollar up, they could do you much good
On old Dotson's Run, in the Clarke neighborhood.
For though these same Clarkes are such *strict party men*

They vote more ecstatic for five or a ten.
Others will tell of this faction or clique
Who are "going to bolt," out on Jenkinses Creek;
Though they know of *one* who for some small amount
Can "fix things" so every blamed ballot will count.

Then you are told of some others who'll come
From the opposite side for a "limited" sum.
Sore, because in the convention they hear
The reason they lost was the treating with beer
And all sorts of booze by the fellow who won
The prized nomination. And since this was done
They're going to play even, to tell you the truth—
It's an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Then comes the committee
From this town or city
In private petition,
Of well-couched condition,
Suggesting you send them some special amount
And they know where to place that each penny will count.

When down in their hearts they know well they intend
To pocket the "roll" you'd be foolish to send.

Then, on come the "healers" from this ward and that,

Who are "strict party men" and have always "stood pat;"
Who have "worked for their *party's* sake all of their lives"—
And are willing again (for some ten-spots and fives).

You also find news-paper sharks by the way
Who reckon a candidate easiest prey.
And right in the teeth of the law that tells what
You may expend this for and what you must not,
They'll show you just how you can "get 'round the law"
By buying (?) some stock in their paper; but draw
The check so's to show that you purchased the same
For your mother-in-law (or some other sweet name).

Then come the lads of the "Jolly Six" club
Who'd guzzle your booze by the keg or the tub.
And the lads with the tickets for raffle and ball—
(Events that are never once scheduled at all);
Subscriptions to get voters cork-legs and arms,
And more to prevent widows losing their farms.
Church-fairs, and "preacher's back-salary" gags
Are handed across—'till your memory lags.
And, too, the lad whom you knew in his prime
Who hits you at times for a nickel or dime—
This fellow who asks for, perhaps, a "*small keg*";
Who longs since has ceased to do aught but to beg
For the price of a drink or a sandwich or two
Is a prince, side by side with the fellow who'll do
The plotting and planning to pull your last cent—
A parasite, merely, in every event.

Right here let us say

In a casual way:

Supposing you "loosened" to this one or that—
Who's ever to know if the fellow "stood pat."

The campaign proceeds and election draws near,
And the brass-band effect now has charge of your ear.

Your sleeps are all night-mares; your days—well, I
think

Are days when you figure the science of drink,
Or some other dope of the nerve-soothing class
To quiet the nerves 'till election would pass.

Thank heavens! The day we have prayed for is
here.

The day the electorate makes all things clear.
The day that the battle—of ballots will tell
If you or your rival will ride on the swell
Or caught in the vortex of candidate's woe
And carried to sea by the strong under-tow.

And here, let me tell,
If you're caught in the swell
That lands you high up on the shore of success
This question of "won" or of "lost" is a guess.
Because we have talked with political men
Who've won in their battles time, time and again.
Now you talk to one of these men from the heart—
He'll always advise you to never once start—
(For reasons assigned all along through my tale
And weighed in the *honest political scale*)
He'll tell you, the first day his standard won out
Was the day that his forces were all put to "rout"—
And had he but "lost" when the fighting was done,
That day would have meant to him—VICTORY
WON!

THE FOURTH OF OLD JULY

Our poets gave us songs about our heroes, old and
young;
We sing them with a fervor and with sentiment
a-strung;
We tell the praise, in joyous lays, so pleasant e'er to
hear,
Of those who gave their lives to save our liberty,
so dear.

We laud our soldiers of the sword who fought on
land and sea,
Who did their fullest duty in the bravest of degree;
We take no laurel from their brows—nay, nay
we 'twine them high—
But give the same to those who gave us Fourth of
old July.

One hundred, yes, and thirty-eight, long years have
passed away
Since dear old Independence Hall was decked in
flowers gay;
When sturdy men pledged honor then, and life and
fortune, too,
Not for applause, but for the cause of liberty so true.
Today we take the "Stars and Stripes" and fling
them to the breeze.
And shout their praises long and loud in proudest
ecstacies—
Our prayer today is may this spirit ne'er be doomed
to die
But stronger grow as time goes on each Fourth of
old July.

THOSE GALLANT BOYS IN BLUE

When strife and chaos well prevailed
From eighteen sixty one;
When our dear standard was assailed
And Old Fort Sumpter's gun
Announced to all the world the fact
And called for men so true—
Who answered to that quickened call
And pledged their lives; their wealth and all?
Those gallant "Boys in Blue!"

We're with them down at Petersburg,
On dear Virginia's plain;
We're with them up at Gettysburg,
In Penn's sylvan domain;

We're with them at Antietam—
That awful field of gore!
At Lookout Mountain—Vicksburg, too—
'Till Appomattox's brought to view,
Back in those days of yore.

We see them in that former day,
The pride of all the land—
In march and camp and in the fray
So brave; so true; so grand—
With step so light and eye so keen
Their country's flag to save—
Determination in their heart
And steeled to do a gallant part,
Or fill a soldier's grave.

Today we see those splendid men
Of fifty years ago;
We watch them on their march again—
Their step has changed to slow;
Their ranks are thinned; their form is bent;
Their eye is far from true;
Each with a garland that he'll lay,
Upon a comrade's grave today—
A comrade "Boy in Blue!"

1861—1911

We're with the gallant "Boys in Blue"
Half a century ago;
We watch them march to music true,
Forward to face the foe;
Their every fibre tingling with
A spirit—"Do or die!"
To fight with might their cause of right—
That cause of liberty.

We see their forms erect and grand,
Their shoulders firm and wide;
Their agile limb and deftest hand—

We see our country's pride
In uniform of truest blue,
With musket and the sword;
And filled knapsack upon their back,
All ready for the word.

We hear the bugle's call "To arms!"
We hear the firm command;
We watch them charge 'midst war's alarms
With bravery so grand;
We see them in the burning sun
And winter's frost and snow,
Till sweet winged peace brought their release,
Near fifty years ago.

We've watched their ranks, on since that day
Grow thinner, year by year;
We've seen their hair transform to gray,
Their step to halt and veer;
No more does martial music bring
Them back to fields of gore,
Or army life, or scenes of strife,
In those dread days of yore.

Today we watch the country's pride
Of fifty years ago;
We see them marching side by side,
But not to face the foe;
Instead, they tread to solemn strains,
With choicest flowers of May—
To deck the grave of their dead brave,
This blest Memorial Day.

THIS FOURTH OF JULY

From the wave-beaten coast of the raging Atlantic
To the peace and the calm of Pacific's bright shore,
From His Majesty's realm to old Mexico, frantic,
Our colors are waving so peacefully o'er.
And the spirit of war that is rife in the air
In Europe, in Asia—and most everywhere,
Is not our lot—thanks to the good God on high!
We're at peace with the world on this Fourth o'
July.

Today we run back through our history's pages
To days when our country was weeping and wan;
To the day when that band of illustrious sages
Said to the oppressor: "We bid you begone!"
Said: "We pledge our lives and our fortunes as
well
That henceforth we're freemen!" Then Liberty's
Bell
From old Independence Hall sent to the sky
The sweet chimes of freedom, that Fourth of July.

We're with them in spirit five years through the
valleys
And over the mountains through oak and the pine;
In victories, routs, in defeats and in rallies
From Ticonderoga to old Brandywine;
Savannah to Boston, and on to that day
At Yorktown, that well marked the end of the fray,
When England's proud hosts ran the white flag on
high—
Establishing truly our Fourth of July.

This is our day! And we ever will treasure
It as a prized heritage, sacred and true.
This is our day! We rejoice without measure
And fling from the house-tops the Red, White and
Blue!

This is the day we're Americans, all!
United we stand, not divided, to fall—
One bound fraternity none can untie—
Here's to our country, this Fourth of July!

1915

MEMORIAL DAY

Scatter the garlands on each grave alike;
A rose for the blue and a rose for the gray,
Then each, a lily, so pure and so white
On this day of peace—Memorial Day.

Seal up the book of the radical pen;
Clasp tight the hand in this flowery May;
Apart in opinions—together as men,
Leave the past with the past on this hallowed day.

Each green-mantled grave holds the dust of a man
Who fought for a cause that he thought to be true.
Today, though, we know of no party or clan,
And make no distinction 'tween gray and the blue.

As he who was clothed in the garbing of blue
And he who was garbed in the clothing of gray,
Long since bridged the breach that divided the two
And who'd dare to ask: "Was the suit blue or
gray?"

1915

THIS FOURTH DAY OF JULY

While other skies are streaked with red,
And rivers crimson-dyed;
Death messengers afloat o'er head,
Death dealers 'neath the tide—
While widowed and the orphan pray
Hostilities might die,
We're in profoundest peace today,
And ask the Lord this peace may stay—
This Fourth day of July!

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No prancing steed with warlike tread,
 No horrid battles' roar,
No trenches filled a-flush with dead,
 No crape upon our door,
No drafting of our country's pride,
 No parents' anguished cry,
No marches, forced, no midnight ride,
No weeping lass, no mourning bride—
 This Fourth day of July!

Our colors float from highest mast;
 From hill-top, to the breeze;
Our minds run back a-through the past,
 We sing the praise of these
Who made up that immortal band
 That said: "We'll do or die!"—
That slogan that spread o'er the land,
Re-echoed back to sea and strand—
 That Fourth day of July!

While we're at peace, our sympathies
 Go 'cross the briny wave,
We mourn in Europe's miseries,
 Revere her splendid brave,
Our earnest intercessions wend
 Their way to Him on high—
Ah! would that He would choose to send
A message that this fight will end
 This Fourth day of July!

1915

OUR OWN HENRY G. DAVIS

It seems to be so human-like to hold
 The praises due a fellow-man until
His earthly task is finished, and the cold
 Cold hand of Death has bade the form, "Be still!"
But we've been taught 'To whom a flower is due,
Bequeath it while the flower is fresh and new;
The while the one to whom, it you'd present
Can graciously acknowledge the intent.'

A page to West Virginia's "GRAND OLD MAN!"

Is just a paltry jabber, when we know
That volumes could be written—that, to scan
 The same would set each mind aglow
With thoughts of what a mortal man can do
When bland Determination's kept in view.
No other state can boast of such a peer,
Hale, staunch and wholesome in his ninetieth year.

He looms as a connecting-link of time—

A link that starts when our domain was young,
Then stretches 'cross the cycle, so sublime,
 And joins all with a clime of every tongue.
Before the locomotive raced the rail;
Before the harnessed-lightning pierced the vale;
Before a thousand things of wondrous make—
He lived, and gave his being for their sake.

Hail! "Proudest Roman of them all!" Thrice hail!

We greet you in no selfish state-proud way,
But as a man with no such word as "Fail"
 In his vocabulary. So, today
Salute you as a country-builder—one
Whose task is finished when the fight is won.
We pray Old Time, who's been so kind to you
May grant you lease 'till NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO.

A LEPER

Yes, 'tis a leper! It hails from Missouri!

Worse, aye, far worse than the Molokai kind—
The Molokai type just destroys the poor body,
 While the Missouri sort kills the soul, heart and
mind.

Lecherous! viperous! poisonous foe
To all human kind wheresoever 'twill go.

There's naught so repulsive as stench in the nostrils
From dead human flesh that is rotting away;
Yet how we prefer, aye, a thousand times over,
That smell to the stench of a soul in decay!
Doomed, yes, self-doomed by the mind in control!
Lustful, degenerate, putrefied soul!

It flaunts to the breeze—this illiterate bigot—
Its standard, the crude anti-Catholic one;
When deep in its heart it well knows it is fighting
All Christian alliances under the sun;
It bows and kow-tows to the schemers who know
Every move of this curst, pusillanimous foe.

It heaps malediction on those holy women
Who beg to assist in the care of God's poor;
Who ne'er ask a penny but one to be handed
To those to help drive the starved wolf from the
door,
Who'd help nurse to health, in the body at least,
This filthy detractor of Sister and Priest.

It fights, as it puts it, the Catholic doctrine
When not one iota it knows of the creed.
Its mission naught but to unearth narrow bigots
And get their subscriptions for personal greed.
Each succeeding issue's a bidding for cash
To help to perpetuate filthy rehash.

It boasts of an army of five hundred thousand!
A cowardly, hiding, guerrilla-like horde;
Who'd flee to the woods on the first smell of powder
Or hie to the marsh at the sight of a sword.
An army! That fifty true soldier-like men
Armed only by nature could drive to the glen.

Army! An army of dupes of a siren,
Whose song as they want it they hear as a call,
Who part with their shekels for soul-killing venom
That covers the heart with its hideous pall.

"Menace!" How wondrously well you've been
named!
A menace to everything virtue has claimed.

EUROPE'S WAR

See the crowd a-standing yonder;
See another here and there,
Heads together, and we wonder—
'What on earth is in the air?'
Each one seems right—"At-attention!"
Listening—talking earnestly—
We grow bold at last and mention
What these confabs mean, and we
Find 'tis what we all abhor—
Talk is all of war—war—war.

True! And none would dare be quizzing
When 'twill start—'tis on today—
War-dogs belching—bullets whizzing—
Claiming human lives for prey.
Europe's sun is crimson painted;
Shining fiercely from her sky;
Europe's streams are hued and tainted
With blood of her yeomanry.
Europe's heart-strings, sad and torn;
Homes deserted and forlorn.

Tales of carnage that the sages
Tell us of the olden time,
Writ on his'ry's living pages
Both prosaic and in rhyme
Will remain—but unastounding,
When compared with what we'll see
In this strife that seems abounding
E'en with more than rivalry—
Hate's dire venom—seed of Mars—
Rules in this, the worst of wars.

Austrian blood and the Slavonic
Will be mixed with Russian gore;
French, Italian and Teutonic
Now will run as ne'er before;
England's best will intermingle
With the Mongol Jap's, and old
Mother Earth will be a-tingle
As she quaffs them, manifold.
War! What mind would stop to praise
Your world-wide devastating ways.

Would our pen were so prolific
It could drip the words to bring
Settlement of the pacific
Sort to last from spring to spring.
Peace! God's chiefest gift, and given
That, in our opinion, we
All may have a glimpse of Heaven
In this world of jealousy.
Peace! Ah, would that she today
Were reigning where the war-dogs play.

1914

"WILD BOB" BURMAN

See that awful hood he wore
As he broke all records driving?
Looks 'bout like the knights of yore
When they started out for gore;
Or the lad who does the diving.
Hate to meet him in the dark,
After, say, a ten days' lark.

My, the mighty run he made!
More'n a mile in half a minute!
Nerve must be of special grade
With no streak of yellow shade
Anywhere about or in it.
Go 'er, Bob, we'll pat your back
Every time you clean the track.

But, Sir Robert, wait a bit,
While I preach a little sermon:
Long as you are strictly IT,
You'll be sure to make a hit—
Cheer on cheer for "Wild Bob" Burman!
But when someone trims you, Bob,
Right from then you'll be a slob.

Then, another thing I'll say—
Be ye Irish, Dutch or German;
Something's going to give away
On your auto car some day;
"Rest in peace" for "Wild Bob" Burman.
Keep your soul as nice and clean
As your Blitzen Benz machine.

When you're gone we'll buy some flow'rs,
Place them sadly 'round your casket;
Reminisce with friends of ours,
How we worked for hours and hours
Gath'ring you into the basket.
Bob, you do as you durn please,
We'll still use the single-trees.

"THE WOMAN WITH THE BABY"

Poet after poet, and prosaic lad as well
In deepest concentration have endeavored best to tell
Of a subject where each writer would be happy to
excel;
"The woman, precious woman, with the baby!"
They have told, and told it truly, that no matter
where she goes;
And no matter what her station, or no matter what
her clothes,
She is always shown an honor that a mother only
knows—
This woman, much loved woman, with the baby.

No matter though the street car may be crowded to
the door

Or the ferry-boat be jammed as one had never seen
before,

Or the Pullman be so packed until you'd think no
room for more—

There's room for her—this woman with the baby.
The church-pew may be filled and others crowded
in the aisle;

The "standing-room" sign flaunted in the theatre's
best style;

Just let this lady enter with her "kiddo" and a
smile—

There's always space for mamma and the baby.

Or take the town on circus-day with streets one
surging mass;

Pedestrians a-pressing on in hopes to find a pass;

Her ladyship approaches with her go-cart—largest
class—

We find a path for mamma and the baby.

Again we see the "midway" at the circus or the fair
Squeezed in like French sardines and pushing, crowd-
ing here and there;

A squall from out the "kidlet" so demanding rents
the air—

We doff our hats to mamma and the baby.

But did you ever chance to see the father and the
"kid,"

When mamma's out a-searching for the spring-time's
latest "lid,"

A-hanging to the strap, while chorus jingles "Get
the skid!"

'Tis quite a joke, this daddy and the baby.

Just see him with his offspring, gently seated on his
"wing"

And mamma—God knows where she is—but that's
another thing—

We watch him moving up the street—well, boys, it's
time to sing—
A few more years—'tis papa and the baby.

These "few more years" are coming, 'tis the safest
sort of bet;
The years when man will gnash his teeth, and weep
and wail and fret
Because he cast his vote by which he made the
suffragette—
And then good-bye to mamma and the baby.
For if by chance the stork should drop a baby here
and there;
The "man with equal rights" of course, will have to
do his share
A-rocking of the cradle while the mother will pre-
pare
A bill to pension daddy and the baby.

VALE—1914

Good-bye, old year, nineteen fourteen!
Tonight at twelve you're due to skoot:
And nowise wishing to be mean
We hope you'll shoot the smoothest chute
Into the deepest lake, you bet,
Wherein your boat may then upset
And throw you out into the pool
Whereat you'll have a chance to cool
From all the warm things said of you—
You've surely been an old hoo-doo!

Now when the old bell peals the hour
Don't feign you're "not quite packed" to go;
We'll do all things within our pow'r
To see your trunks are thus and so.
In fact you haven't much to pack;
But we'll put one bunch on your back
(And rightly hope to hold it there

"Till you've vamoosed into the air
"Bad Business" brought by strife and fray—
Nineteen fourteen, VALE! VALE!

WELCOME 1915

Well nineteen fifteen—"How de do!"
With open arms—"Welcome to you!"
 We ask you—"Be our guest!"
We hope you've brought with you today
"Good cheer," "Good times," to make your stay
 With every comfort blest.
At every fireside in the land
We'll meet you with an out-stretched hand
And coax you sit and lend your ear—
While we tell what we want this year.

We'll ask you first, to give us health.
Then—add to our depleted wealth
 By calling on those men
Who clasped our coin when times were good
(And paid us three per cent., or should)
 As time and time again.
We've shoved our savings through the bars
To them and thanked our lucky stars,
That we knew they would save our "swag"—
Please ask them ope their money bag.

Now while we know it is the rule
To never tell tales out of school
 We'll take this one small chance:
Your predecessor got in wrong
Right from the start. He played things strong
 And led us all a dance.
He gave us war, the worst one e'er;
That killed our commerce everywhere.
He never cut one high-price down—
Just acted reckless as a clown.

We ask of you to take his slate
And crack it on his shiny pate
And place yours in its stead.
Then write thereon—"I'll stop this fight!"
"The mills and marts I'll start aright!"
"I'll cut on meat and bread!"
"I'll mine the coal in every hill!"
"I'll start again the oil man's drill!"
Now if you'll *do* these things my boy,
You're purest gold, with no alloy.
Then when your new successor'll come
We'll tell him he must travel some.

WHEN MEN HEED

A mob would never be a mob if all
Would only heed their better judgment's call.
None e'er would bow in grief that awful day
When called to wash the crimson stain away
If men be guided by advice of men
Who oft drove passioned Folly to her glen.

The teaching that the blade we wish to send
Through our opponent's heart, must, at its end
Be charged with acid—vitriolic kind—
Before 'twill do the work we have in mind—
Is wrong, for when the fiendish work is done,
Strong foes by scores replace the single one.

We have, too, the oppressor, human kind,
Who sees our faults but to his own is blind;
Whose mandates are so iron-clad and bold;
Who's complimented when decreed as "cold."
Who, should his drastic rulings chaos bring,
Would hide behind the battlements and sing.

Whene'er a radical on either side
Presumes to act as counsellor and guide,
'Tis naught but sheerest duty that we say,

A cool, conservative and splendid "nay"
That he may learn the lesson there and then—
"Do unto men as you'd be done by men!"

THE OLD MULBERRY TREE

I dreamed, and my fanciful wanderings took
Me back to my home in the dell;
I played in the willows 'longside of the brook;
I plucked the blue violets; lounged in the nook
By nature arranged, and so well.

I strolled through the orchard; I drank of the
spring
Whose waters were sweeter to me
Than nectar of gods, or the wine of the king;
I sat, while the robins so sweetly did sing,
From the top of the mulberry tree.

Then I woke, for the thoughts of that mulberry
tree
Were more than my brain could withstand,
For I saw myself climbing with youthful-like glee
To the very tip-top where the robin sang free,
And I was the king of the land.

The dear juicy berry! Two inches or so,
And a quarter inch thick in the least;
I knew just the limbs where the big ones would
grow,
And once I was anchored, I'll have you to know,
I was there for a mulberry feast.

Sweet, dark-hued and juicy—fist full at a time—
One squash, and—no berry—no more;
The taste on my palate was simply sublime;
(How I wish I'd a bunch while I'm penning this
rhyme).

No. You ne'er stopped to yank out the core.

How I'd munch! Munch some more—'till my poor
stomach felt
As if 'twas quite ready to "bust;"
I'd grow quite resourceful—unloosen my belt,
Fill in all that space. How with envy I dwelt
On those left, as I went in disgust!

* * * * *

I see that old tree, and I see myself there,
With my stain-covered fingers, and say,
Don't mention my cheeks, as that wouldn't be fair;
Say nought of my breeches and nought of the tear—
They were least of my thoughts on that day.

Now, take all the scoldings my mother would give,
And the trimmings pap handed to me,
That made me feel oft as the real fugitive;
I'd chance the whole bunch if once more I could live
As I did in that mulberry tree.

TO OUR DEPARTED BROTHERS

With heavy hearts and heads bowed low,
We gather in God's house today;
We turn Time's hands to days ago
And see our brothers, all aglow
With life and vigor, blithe and gay.
We hear their greetings as they pass—
The hands turn back! Alas! Alas!
For when their names are called, so clear,
We list—but no responsive—"Here!"

No—ne'er again upon this shore
Will their glad salutations ring;
The splendid handclasp that they bore;
The wreathing smile their faces wore;
The happy songs they used to sing
Have all been stilled, by that firm hand
That beck'ed them to that better land—
That land where all choice blessings cling.
The land of Him, our God—our King.

Our hearts go out in sympathy
To all their loved ones, left behind.
Our loved ones too, they are, for we
Are brothers, true, in U. C. T.

And we must e'er bear this in mind:
That "Ray of Hope" that shines for years
Will help to dry the mourners' tears;
And we, behind that hallowed "Ray,"
Must ne'er forget our part to play.

Again, as Time moves on apace
We, each, will join Death's caravan.
Some fair, white hand will one day place
A lily's bud within the vase
For us. Such is the lot of man!
And may no everlasting taint
Of sin, our lily's petals paint.
And may we reach that blessed land
To grasp our brothers hand in hand.

THE MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE

Christmas Eve, in the Court-house yard
Will gather the painter, the clerk, the bard,
The lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, the maid,
The mother, the daughter, in best arrayed;
The mayor, the sheriff, the editor, too;
The peer and peasant, the Christian and Jew,
Where all will be cheered by the singers of song
Gathered together in one vast throng.
Here all will be merry and full of glee
At our Municipal Christmas Tree.

Laden with stockings, for girls and boys,
Filled with candy and nuts and toys
From toe to top. And filled again
With choicest wishes of women and men
That their days be many and useful ones
Through the winter's snows and the summer's suns;

And to teach this lesson: When grown to men
And women they'll treat the children then
As they've been treated—to them be free—
And give them many a Christmas tree.

To the goodly women who made this true
An endless amount of credit is due;
But appreciation is all they ask—
As this good work done was a pleasant task.
The gifts themselves are of priceless worth,
Since they speak of that that is best on earth:
Love for those who deserve this love!
Divinely shaped by the One above.
This One who spoke with sincerity:
“Suffer the little ones come to Me.”

ESSENCE OF ELECTION DAY

For three long months the mounts and hills and
valleys in between,
Have echoed and re-echoed in a most auspicious
mien,
With sharpened oratory, so political each way;
But thank the Lord it's finished and today's election
day!
The campaign now is over, and before tomorrow's
sun
The bulletins will tell us all just who has lost and
won.

The battle of the ballots is now on from shore to
shore;
The trusty henchmen working as they've done since
days of yore,
Singing out the praises of their candidate to all,
Who, of course, if not elected, why the “government
will fall.”

And every other argument—far-fetched, shelf-worn
and thin,
Is given so their favorite through any means, may
win.

We see the sturdy yeomanry repairing to the polls;
We see the judge and challenger a-scanning well the
rolls

To see that each is qualified to exercise the right
Of suffrage, and if found “correct” he does it with a
might.

We see him coming home with countenance that
seems to say—

“I’ve done my duty and thank God for our election
day!”

Tomorrow evening’s sun will set an officers brand
new,

Along with those experienced (a wise decision too).
And should they be our party’s choice—the ones for
whom we fought—

They’re our officials just the same, as our fore-
fathers taught.

We’ll shake the victor’s hand with sense, if ours
or not our own

In politics. The sovereign folk have made their
wishes known.

From their inauguration day until their term is o’er,
They’re servants of the people—simply this and
nothing more;

And since we like our servants to do right, day after
day,

Let’s help our office-holders in the same well-guided
way.

Throw politics to windward. Put our shoulders to
the wheel.

Flaunt common sense high up above this foolish
party zeal.

IN BEHALF OF OUR RETAIL CLERKS

How long will this outrage continue—
This slave-cursed practice whereby
American brain, brawn and sinew
Is bartered that we may supply
Our wants when our week's work is ended
(A habit from lack of foresight)
We ask that this crime be suspended—
This toiling on Saturday night.

Just gaze through the mesh in the wicket
And watch the poor girls at their work;
As timed as the uniformed picket,
With far slimmer chances to shirk.
Expected, all times, to be pleasant,
Though nature is strained to maintain
The smile for the peer and the peasant—
No, no, she must never complain.

From early on each Monday morning
'Till late on each Saturday night,
The one steady grind. Never scorning
Employer's or purchaser's right;
Though some of the latter are trying,
Especially those who before
Their marriage were selling, not buying,
And perhaps in this very same store.

The Great God had never intended
That women be made a machine;
We'd reckoned her serfdom had ended,
As taught by the dear Nazarene:
But man, thoughtless man, whose regalings
Are wafted o'er mountain and lea,
And quick to see other men's failings,
Is blind, if this one he can't see.

Protectors of organized labor,
And we your staunch friends, tried and true,
Be kind to the girl of our neighbor,
Or nearer to me and to you.
Be not moral cowards by throwing
The blame on the merchant, for he
Would be only too pleased at knowing
On Saturday nights he'd be free.

So, yoemen and women, attention!
The remedy's placed in your hand;
Requiring, aye, e'en but the mention
To wipe this one curse from the land.
Let's say, without equivocation,
And with the attachments of might,
Our clerks must be granted cessation
From labor on Saturday night.

THE GRAVE I'D HAVE

I sit by the side of a lonesome grave—
'Tis the grave of a pioneer;
History tells he was bold and brave;
Nor wishes, nor fame, nor honor he'd crave;
But the love of those near and dear.

A broken stone gives his name and age;
And the chis'ling rhymster told
His virtues as those of the cherished sage;
His teachings the best, and his tutelage
More value than piles of gold.

I fancy the day that the grave was hewn;
I fancy the tear-checked sigh;
I fancy the flow'rs o'er his cold form strewn;
I fancy the organ's doleful tune,
And I fancy each wail and cry.

Again I fancy the pledges made
That this mound would e'er be green;

That the gardener's craft, with hoe and spade
Should never wane. And the cedar's shade
Would be best the world has seen.

I see it now—a gaping space,
With the briars clustered through;
And thrifty thistle with bold grimace
All decking the last chill resting place
Of that loved one, tried and true.

And in my mind I form the plan
Of the grave I'd have me in,
When I've completed this life's short span,
And am stowed away from the views of man,
My new life to begin.

I'll ask that the hole be good and deep—
Say eight feet-six, at least—
Be sure, real sure 'tis my last long sleep,
And when all have had a farewell peep,
Slide me down with my face to east.

Then roll the clay in sure but slow,
And tamp it good and tight.
Fill every space, I would have you know,
So's all may be sure I will stay below,
And have given up the fight.

Fill, till all space is filled a-flush
With the other earth around—
Still tamped tight—so's no lark or thrush
Could penetrate in through the silent hush
With their much opposing sound.

Then, place o'er—some healthy sod—
The thick well-rooted kind;
So deft, so well that whoe'er may trod
Thereby or o'er need never nod
With the thought of a grave in mind.

I want no stone to tell who's there—
 No epitaph a-song.
I'll merely ask an occas'nal prayer
Be said that my soul may enter where
 I'd wished for oft and long.

TO THE GRADUATES

Fresh from the fields of bloodless strife
 A conqueror you come;
Not to the sound of shrieking fife,
 Or musketry or drum;
No flags are floating to the breeze,
 No set salute is blared,
Yet far more grand than all of these,
 The honors you have shared.

Your brow is decked with wreath of green
 So emblematical
Of mastery; though steel as keen
 As yours did rise to fall.
But with *your* armor girded on,
 Your trusty blade on high,
You fought your way to triumph. Won
 With motto—"Do or die!"

Your suns of toil; your restless moons
 Are reckoned with the past.
Your chill Decembers; gloomy Junes
 Now float at lowest mast.
And in their stead we find a-flung
 The brightest hues today—
Your pennant is so rightly strung
 With flowers like those of May.

The world stands waiting your debut
 With arms extended wide.
I know not what she holds for you
 'Tis not mine to decide;

But wishes from this heart of mine—
(If wishes could endow)
May benedictions e'er entwine
With laurels on your brow.

THE CONSTABLE'S SALE

Like vultures hang 'round near their coveted prey
Awaiting the moment to make the attack;
Or, like the avenger, awaiting the day
He'll plunge the cold dagger a-hilt in the back
Of one he imagines has done him a wrong
They stand, while the constable bellows his song,
And hold in their minds as the uppermost thought—
"We wonder how cheap this or that can be bought!"
They never once think of how hearts have been
wrung;
Nor how the choked sobs have been mingled among
Those hot, scalding tears as the driver and van
Came out for the goods on the "levying" plan—
Those goods on the curb, from the dresser to pail,
And sold, per the law, at the "Constable's Sale."

We stand and look on while the constable cries
His "Once!" "Twice" and "Thrice!" and his
"Going!" and "Gone!"
We watch the crowd surge, with the coveting eyes
Saying—"Should we get this a good day's work
we've done!"
And in 'mongst the throng we see women and men
Who've listened, aye, listened, time, time and again
To sermons on charity—sermon's that turned
The hardest of hearts—but to *them*, yet un-
learned—
Heard them make bids on the tables and chairs;
The carpets that covered the floors and the stairs;
The cabinet; stove—and the clothes for the beds;
Yes, even the pillows, that rested the heads
Of some poor unfortunates in this sad vale,

Whose goods are now “cried” at a “Constable’s Sale.”

The “crying” is finished! The constable’s through!
The curb has been cleared of its home-wrecking
pawn!

We venture to ask—“What became of the two
Who furnished the wares for the sale?” “They
have gone

To God only knows”—was the cruel retort
That fell from the lips of a being, whose sport
Is to cry out aloud in a voice strong and clear—
“How much am I offered?” “How much do I
hear?”

And mayhap the thing he is proffering there
Is the crib, where the mother has oft knelt in prayer
When her child’s fevered brow told a story too
true—

The story of sad dissolution. And who
In that crowd, at the curb, would for once pull the
veil

From that hallowed crib at the “Constable’s Sale.”

We know ’tis the “law”—but we venture to say—
The man who designed it was heartless and chill:
A Shylock we’d guess, who must first have his pay,
And when the last penny is gone from the till
He’d sell e’en the mattress, that gave to those rest,
Who came in at eventide, tired and distressed.
Where is the gain? If the man be so poor
That he can’t pay his debts, it can’t help we are sure
To sell his last chattel—then say to him—“You
This day must start in on Life’s pathway anew.”
’Tis wrong! un-American! down with such laws
That flaunt a man’s poverty—bring out guffaws
From the rabble that stands without thought to
bewail
The hard luck that brought on this “Constable’s
Sale.”

MARRIED FOR MONEY

He married for money, the neighbors all say;
('Course they're in position to know)
May be he did, as some do this, this way,
And have since the long, long ago.
There seems an incentive in doing things rash;
That is, when there's truly a jingling of cash.

We're slightly inclined to be skeptical though,
In gulping this statement as true;
Perhaps we'll be rated as "passingly slow"
When *we* can't *see* things as *they* do—
But the girl in the case is good-looking, and sweet;
Accomplished, and dresses exquisitely neat.

Again, he seems happy as happy can be;
And is, I'd be willing to vouch,
He ne'er has to drown any cares in a spree,
Nor shamble around with a grouch.
And she seems to think he's the "boy of all boys"—
What else should two want when each one's the
"big noise?"

He's right at his desk just the same as the time
He was plugging for twenty per week.
He guards just as zealously each silver dime
As if 'twere a precious antique.
He's just as obedient *now* to the will
Of his boss as the days he was plain, common "Bill."

They have a fine auto, (we hear it is hers)—
They sit in the box at the show;
She, diked to the minute—"full-evening" and furs.
And he, as her husband and beau,
Sitting alongside, as pompous as life,
And, to the reporters—"Will Johnson and wife."

Now when we look all these cold facts in the face,
We can't take the statement as true

("Married for money") when one finds no trace
Of truth. But we've always a few
Anxious, it seems, to despoil the good name
Of any one seemingly climbing to fame.

'Course we don't suppose we will ever be charged
With "wedding for cash"—hardly so—
And then spin around with our "coco" enlarged,
Just "blowing" ourselves as we go;
But, if we do, the above is no joke—
The Grundys will all collapse—"watching our
smoke."

So, we've figured *this* way: If some lady fair
Who's willing to take a small chance
On letting us handle her bank-roll, and square
On the turn about "wearing the pants,"
We'll gamble none ever will dub us a slob
If we hook up thusly and hold our old job.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

He sits and sends world-wide dots, spaces and
dashes;

He sits and receives spaces, dashes and dots;
He knows each sound made by electrical flashes,
That carries the wisdom of famed polyglots,
Or doles out vernacular strataed quite low—
To him all's the same as his "copy" will show.

He sends out the message that tells of the battle;
He flashes the other that's brimming with peace;
He jots down the lisps of the baby's first prattle
Wired by the mother to father, who'd lease
The telegraph system, just then, to return
An exchange of greetings his dear ones well yearn.

He sends forth the messages telling of famine;
The ones that affirm beloved Copia's reign.
He also sends some that 'tis best to examine
For fear old lax censorship failed to maintain

The facts in the case told in flashes o'er wire—
Again he sends those with the truth we admire.

He dashes and dots out the congratulations
Sent by happy friends to the groom and the
bride.

And, too, he receives with the least expectations
The message that tells that some loved one has
died

He wires of the markets, the weather, the sea—
The tales of depression and prosperity.

He strikes off the ball-score, the racings of horses,
And all current news for the newspapers. Then
Sends on the story of banquet, whose courses
Brought sweet inspiration to women and men.
He wires of politics, both pro and con,
With nobody asking which "side" he is on.

He copies the "19" and "31" order;
He puts his o. k. when the trainmen will sign;
And fearful that aught towards the danger-lines
border
He keeps his ear open to things long the line.
He gives the "white-block" at the engine's shrill
shriek,
Or holds it at bay 'till the train-runners speak.

His ear is so trained that the "call" for his station
Is heard as distinctly as calling by name;
He springs to the key with a keen exultation
That oftentimes has lifted him up into fame.
A friend —a good friend to all mankind is he—
This knight of the switch-board, and knight of the
key.

THE SALESLADY

She seems born for her work, as her prowess is such

Any ware she may handle, she knows it by heart;
And though she be Irish or English or Dutch

You would guess her the firm, or at best, a big
part,

As the *sale* seems the important thing she must
do.

The truth is: in that line she's one on the Jew.

She ranges in style from the blonde to brunette,
And she knows what mates best with her color
of hair.

She's plump, fat and dumpy—with no room to let—

And, too, just the opposite—tall, thin and spare.
In age—well she varies fore'er and anon—
But, "Eighteen and up" we'd be reckoning on.

But the age doesn't matter—the size cuts no ice;
Her skill is the thing that's amazing to me;
And the soft-pedaled way she has telling the price
And making you like it, is smart as can be.
She's not there to sell just one article—No!
You'll be shown her full line 'fore you're due to go.

She'll show the fat lady how stripes—up and down,
Will make her look slim—and for her very spare,
Plaids or the mottled or stripes running round
With ruffles and flounces "caught up here and
there."

She knows, too, the color of goods she should sell
To match the complexion to make one look well.

Her tasks, though quite hard, are so borne you
would think

She ne'er has a trouble or sorrow or care;

But she has them in turn, yet they ne'er make her
shrink

Or swerve from the duties she's destined to bear.
She keeps her own counsel and fights them the while
And covers them o'er with a sunshiny smile.

She's one of the links in that varied chain
That turns round the wheels in the thrift-mill of
life.

When treated with justice she'll never complain
And does her full share without quarrel or strife.
If we all did our work in as thorough a way
As she—this old world would be better today.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

What has become of the old-fashioned fellow—
Always so happy, congenial and mellow;
Whose countenance beamed while he'd talk of the
masters:

The sculptors of marbles and prized alabasters;
The painters who brought down to his generation
The world and its peoples on since the creation;
The writers of song and the penners of story;
The life-work of all who are wreathed in glory—

This man who knew Cicero, Virgil and Homer;
(Knew them in fact, not in paltry misnomer)
Cataline, Seneca, Caesar and Horace—
From Chaucer on down 'till the pages were porous;
Who always had time for a classical chatter
From the lightest, to most philosophical matter;
And though nowise rich he was aught but dejected
And died of old age, most revered and respected?

He's gone. In his stead there's a different fellow,
Who couldn't be happy and wouldn't be mellow;
Who does naught but figure on buildings and rent-
age,

Mortgages, discounts and extra percentage;
Stocks, bonds and deeds and the best plan to borrow,
E'er and anon, yesterday and tomorrow.
He dies in his prime. What disease? That's the
question,
The card on his "box" reads—"Acute Indigestion."

We fear in our hearts, for the next generation.
Money-mad folk with the steeled-heart vibration.
The face, of pure mirth, as completely denuded
As a ninety-day note with the interest included.
The eye seeing nothing but \$ \$ \$ in transit.
The ear hears % % % from the man who de-
mands it.
The mind, for the real sweets of life, is disabled;
Could not tell a classic unless it be labeled.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

She sits all the while with unerring attention
Watching the light as 'tis flashed 'fore her eye;
Getting our "party" as soon as we mention
The number—if not she will find out just why—
Giving us all information she'll know—
This nice little lady who answers—"Hello!"

She rings up the number that bears the chill message
That tells of misfortune, of sickness or death.
The one for inquirings of freight or expressage;
And those of light nonsense—and those of great
breadth.
She rings to the friend—and rings to the foe—
This nice little lady who answers—"Hello!"

We ask—"Where's the fire" and she'll give the
location;
We ask for the "time" when our clock has run
down;
We ask for the hour that the train leaves the
station;

We ask when the circus is coming to town;
We've asked, we'll confess it, could we be the
beau—
Of this nice little lady who answers—"Hello!"

We blame her for all of the telephone troubles,
When wind—sleet or flood puts a break in the
line;
For then, it would seem, our anxiety doubles,
And our temper stands out like an old porcupine.
We ne'er give *her* troubles one thought as we
go—
This nice little lady who answers—"Hello!"

If every employee in every station,
Was right on the job like dear "Nellie" or
"Pearl"—
We'd have better "service" in every nation—
And this is no jolly—"Miss Telephone Girl."
She's the real indispensable one we all know—
This nice little lady who answers—"Hello!"

GO-TO-CHURCH SUNDAY

Next Sunday, you know, to the church we will go,
And we'll all fall in line to the letter;
When we'll list to the creed per the minister's
lead—
On the home-coming all will feel better.
We'll feel that we've rendered a duty we owe
To our God and ourselves and our neighbor. And
show
To the derelict woman and man of the world
That our banner of charity's ever unfurled.

We rush on our way through each succeeding day
And wish we could only go faster,
To fight in the strife of this Battle of Life,
With seldom a thought for the Master
Who gives us the weapons to win in the fight:

The brain and the brawn and the wisdom and
sight;
The health and the strength—Ah! could we give the
same
The tax we'd impose would not brighten our name!

We're rightfully made in God's image 'tis said;
And we'll guess, of His nature, partaker.
And since we expect every mode of respect—
Why not give the same to the Maker!
He asks, once each week, once each week, that we
bring
Old and young, one and all to His house, where
we'll sing
His praises for blessings bestowed—and likewise
For crosses, oft chiefest of gifts in disguise.

We argue and fight over which one is right
On this and that doctrinal matter,
And while we fight on over "Matthew" and
"John"
The devil is cleaning the platter.
So, if a Disciple or Catholic, Jew,
Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist or who—
Resolve—"On next Sunday we start in our might
To worship the God of our fathers aright."

THE FULFILLED PROPHESY

Today is the day the emblazoning Star
Called forth the shepherds from fields afar
And bade them take their steps and go
To Bethlehem, in manger low
They would behold, this blessed morn,
The promised Saviour, newly born.
They would behold the prophesy
Of ages filled as pledged to be.

Aye, this was centuries ago!

The same Star still, with rays aglow,
Shines on, and asks all mankind come—

Not to the sound of fife and drum—
But to the sweet-toned chimes' appeal
That bears the "Peace on Earth's" best seal;
And not to the manger—but instead,
To shrines with perfumed flowers o'erspread.

To shrines with joyous harp a-ring;

To shrines where sweetest voices sing;
To shrines where gladness fills the air

With hymn and chant and thankful prayer;
To shrines where God's anointed men
All tell that Story o'er again;
The Story of the Christmas Morn!
The Story of a Saviour born!

THE WORLD'S SWEETEST STORY

List! The sweet-toned bells are pealing;
Pealing from the steeples high.

Hark! The choirs are gladly singing
In most perfect harmony.
Every one we meet looks happy;
Has a cheerful word to say.
And how well we know the reason—
Our Redeemer's natal day!

Christmas! Day of days! We gather
At the shrines to hear again
That two-thousand-year-old story
Told by God's anointed men:
Telling of the eve preceding;
Of two strangers—man and wife—
Seeking shelter, as tomorrow
Meant for all a Precious Life.

Telling all about the stable;
 Of the Wise Men; of their guide,
That strange Star, that led them onward:
 Blessed Star of Christmas-tide!
Telling this world's sweetest story,
 With these characters aglow—
Joseph, Mary and the Infant—
 Twenty centuries ago.

ASH WEDNESDAY

"Remember, man, that thou art dust
 And unto dust thou shalt return!"
These words were given us in trust,
 And in our hearts should rightly burn
With zealous flame of purest love
For Him who reigns from throne above.
For Him, who in His wisdom, gave
This sharp reminder of the grave.
The grave, where all things earthly end!
The grave, that covers foe and friend!

This sharp reminder! Yes, 'tis true!
E'en though since first we lisped the Name
That means so much to me and you,
We e'er were taught, that, to reclaim
The Heaven, one time closed to us,
We must be ever vigorous
And valiant that we do our part
In right or might with buoyant heart;
Yet, bear in mind these words, so stern—
"That unto dust thou shalt return!"

Now, were it not, that once a year
At least, we're told to stop and think
That while our minds are fresh and clear
We may, perhaps, be on the brink
Of that chill resting place—the tomb!
Wherein our bodies will assume,
When just a mite of time shall flee,

Their first originality,
We might plunge madly, madly on
'Till time and tide had come and gone.

Today we seek the chancel rail,
Absorbed in penitential thought;
And garbed in sack-cloth, while we hail
The words with this firm message fraught:
"Remember thou art dust, O, man!"
Designed on the Almighty's plan.
That plan that brings to dust all men,
E'en though restored to LIFE again!"
To LIFE! So well exemplified
By Him—our Saviour, crucified!

THE MOTHER CHURCH

(Written for "Our Sunday Visitor")

The thoughts that fill us as we stand before
Thy massive form and scan thy steeple o'er
And see the gilded cross well set on high
Are those: That thou wert never born to die!
Thou liv'st today, not just in song and story,
But in the bloom of youth and proudest glory!

The bloom of youth! yet, centuries have passed
Since first thy mold by Master-hand was cast,
To be perfected, yet, by minds inspired—
Again, 'till time does end to be admired,
Revered and loved and ever, most respected;
And, though attacked, to never grow dejected.

That Promise made thee—"That the gates of Hell
Shall not prevail against thee!" is put well;
For Oh, how oft and oft have e'en thy sons,
And grouped amongst them, once anointed ones,
Turned straight against thee, as against a mother,
And smote thee with all strength—to build another.

And too, we find the ones who know'st thou brought,
Through age on age, the very book now taught;
Who'll stand in other pulpits than thine own
And try to make *their* teaching grow where sown;
When if they're right the gates of Hell prevailed
The pledge of pledges spent itself and failed.

Again come blows from those who know thee not;
Who'd throw thee o'er into the cauldron-pot—
To writhe and seethe, as in that ancient day
When Pagan Diocletians held full sway.
Those men who'd tear that Saviour-pledge asunder
Yet thou look'st on like He and never wonder.

We find once more the ones who do not care
E'en though thy steeple reaches twice the height in air;
Who, let the "Light be placed upon the hill"
Refuse to look its way and never will.
The soul's salvation unto them's small matter,
And all this talk of God is simple chatter.

Yet, still thou standest with foundation firm,
Not to be loosened by the rat or worm;
And flauntest thy proud Standard to the breeze
That reads: "I've preached God's truths for centuries!"
Yea! thou wilt ever stand, His true defender,
Until thy colors wave o'er all in splendor.

"TIS TIME TO BID THEM STOP

Murder? Aye, of foulest brand
Is running rife today;
The brain and brawn of choicest land
Is held no more than clay.
The blood that filled those sterling veins

Is gushed forth day and night
And serves to fertilize the plains
 And wooded hillock height,
And cause the crystal mountain stream
 To take the crimson stain
That tells the tale of wail and scream;
 Of mangled, bruised and slain!
Again, the sea gulps up its dead
 As shells upon the shore—
Cold Mars himself looks on with dread
 At madmen, drunk with gore!
At madmen soaked with human blood—
The proudest product of our God!

* * * * *

We see two bullies, throat to throat,
 Begrimed, blood-stained and maimed;
We watch the eyes that truly gloat
 O'er each hard blow, well aimed.
We watch their strength diminish, too,
 As blow on blow is sent—
They clench, they tug, they strike, they chew
 'Till Nature's force is spent.
They fall. They pommel while they can—
 Could savage brute do more?
At length appears a *man! a man!*
 Who stops this scene of gore.
He says to these belligerents—
 "*You stop! Right here and now!*"
"Go to your homes in peace, from hence
 And cleanse your gorish brow!"
"Go to your work in field and shop,
As *this* must stop! As *this* must stop!"

* * * * *

The master bullies of today
 Are grappled throat to throat;
They fight in *war's* most deadly way,
 And they, too, laud and gloat
As these death dealers pierce the air
 And *murder* more and more—
The youth, the strong, the brave, the fair

Lie swelt'ring in their gore.
The aim at first was quick and true,
 And none thought of defeat;
Today they fight alike the two
 Who pommelled on the street.
Today strong *men* must raise on high
 A hand not prone to drop,
And fling the standard towards the sky
 That reads: "*You stop!*" "*You stop!*"
These Christmas times, let's hear again—
Sweet "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"
(July 1, 1915. On Europe's awful carnage)

THE BROKEN SLEIGH

Driving along a country road
 On a blustering wintry day
We overtook a boy and a horse
 And a grist and a home-made sleigh
Broken down: for a runner hit
 K-thrash, in an icy ditch,
And the sleigh was held in the V-shaped crack
 And was fast in the vise-tight niche.

The poor lad's face bore troubles' trace
 As he tugged and pried away
With an oak fence-rail, and to no avail,
 To help release the sleigh.
And he worried, too, as we both well knew,
 For his troubles were more than one:
He had made that sleigh on the summer's day
 While he planned on the winter's fun.
And again he knew that his father, who
 Had trust in his prowess would
Chide him some when he got back home;
 And the boys in the neighborhood
Would never tire in their taunt's desire
 To bring the facts to his mind
Of that fateful day when he drove his sleigh

Like a fellow with both eyes blind.
Yes, a thousand and one things crossed his mind
As he pried with that old fence-rail—
But his eyes shone bright when we hove in sight
And he felt we would hear his tale.

He told his story straight and true—
How the snow filled up his eyes;
And his sight was dimmed and his fingers chilled
And swollen to twice their size.
How the horse was wild and hard to guide,
As a horse is, in a storm;
But he knew the road and he knew this ditch
When the country-side was warm.
And he knew—but we bade him tell no more,
That his troubles we'd help him share—
So we then pried loose the broken sleigh
And improvised right there
A "runner" made from the old fence-rail.
Then we tied his horse behind
Our heavy rig. Then we took him in
And we drove on 'gainst the wind,
'Till we reached the little cross-road town
With its blacksmith shop and mill,
When we had the "smithy" duplicate
The runner—and better still
We turned on back to the icy ditch,
Where, with shovel, axe and pick
We smoothed the road so there'd be no more
Bad holes where his sleigh would stick.
When the boy drove home there were none to chide
His woeful plight that day;
For the road was fixed and his grist was ground,
And he had his much prized sleigh.

And we felt better by far that night
In fact have, on since then;
As this bit of charity done that day
Had made us both, better men.

* * * * *

There's a moral that goes with this little tale,
And it's full of the choicest weight.
'Tis this: When you trail o'er the Road of Life—
That the road isn't always straight
And smooth as the well-kept boulevard
That the motor cars spin o'er;
But it's full of ruts and holes and ice
And washouts by the score.
And again, you'll not always find the one
Who'll give you the helping hand
When he finds you stuck in the ice or the mud
Or up to the hub in sand.
But you who have heard of these goodly men
On this blustering wintry day
Who helped the boy from the ice to the mill
And the shop where they fixed his sleigh,
Keep this in mind: Should this luck be yours
To find on the Road of Life
Some fellow creature fast in the ice
When the storm blows on a-rife,
Don't pass him by, but help him out—
As done by these goodly men—
Then smooth the road with the pick and axe
So that none will stick again.
And try not forget this little tale
That I tell in such simple way—
Of the men and the boy and grist and the horse
And the well-smoothed road—and the sleigh.

THE SIREN SONG

A Siren's abroad in this beautiful land;
A Siren's abreast of the beautiful sea;
She's singing a song that but few understand,
To music arranged by the skilled master-hand;
'Tis sounding to some like the opera, Grand—
She's singing to you and she's singing to me.

The songs that she sings are so joyously sweet,
And fall soft and light as the May morning's ray;
Each line blossoms forth with a message replete,
With strains from Utopia's busiest street;
Where all is perfection, and ne'er will you meet
With aught but the choicest of sunshine and play.

She sings of "No Master!" "No Flag but the Red!"

She sings of "No Church!" and she sings of "No Creed!"

She sings of "No God!" and "No Government Head!"

She sings of "Free Love!"—how she'd place that instead

Of "Death do us part!" as so many have said.

Songs!!! Ah! the songs of Destruction indeed.

Again she does sing: "When my songs all come true

We'll labor not more than two hours for the day;
With same compensation as if we would do
Ten hours' slavish toil!" (as she'll choose to construe.)

Her audience cheers at the old songs and new,
And chant every one, if at work or at play.

We sit idly by while the singing is done,
And ne'er raise a voice 'gainst her treacherous song;

While legions on legions of minds she has won
To her way of thinking. Our government's sun
Is doomed to go down 'fore her coyly-primed gun,
If we still lie dormant, yet, rated as strong.

A million of men who all speak with one tongue,
And bound by "the hoop that is stronger than steel,"

Is worthy of note, when their gauntlet is flung
At the foot of the fount where our Freedom first sprung.

Did Arnold do more when our country was young?
The answer is "No!" when we speak as we feel.

You lawmakers, act! while it's yours yet to do;
Tell these destroyers of rule and of home—
"Your place on the ballot is gone, until you
Discard all these tongues of the traitorous spew!"
"We grant you 'Free Speech!' but you must not
construe
It to mean you may shatter the government's
dome!"

You tell them "Get out!"—if they will not comply
With our Constitution from first to the last.
Tell them no "rag" (as *they* call it) must fly
Above our old Red, White and Blue to the sky—
She's destined to wave from the mountain-top high
When theirs of the "Red" will be left with the
past.

UNCLE HENRY TALKS—THE MALCONTENTS

I'm settin' by my fireside,
Just as happy as can be,
With my seventh daughter's baby
Settin' 'straddle of my knee.
An' I'm wishin', firmly wishin'
That all human-kind were free
As that prattlin' little youngster
An' its grandad, 'course that's me.

Now when I say *free* I mean it,
Just exactly as I say,
For there's but one set of free-folk
In this world of ours today.
An' them's the ones that take that
Good old Book from where it lay
An' heed its blessed guidin's
In the good old-fashioned way.

You take the chill Agnostic
An' his dogmatism—*doubt*;
He's shackled worse than any slave
The Caesars knew about.
He never feels God's spirit
From within or from without,
As his little seventeen ounce brain
Has "put our God to rout."

He b'lieves alone in "matter,"
An' some big creative mind
That makes this universe of worlds
Of wondrous dif'rent kind.
He just believes the things he sees,
By narrow sight confined—
But the Bible! No sir-ee! Sir!
He puts that old Book behind.

He "can't" believe in Jesus
As the Son of God. And then
He'll quote "If he is God I'd like
To see those wounds again!"
The same old doubting Thomas
Pictured by the Gospel's pen—
An' he'll claim he's so much smarter
Than the common run of men.

Again, you take the Socialist,
Who spiels U-to-pi-a
From the Sun's rise every mornin'
'Till his settin' every day,
A-preachin' discontentment
(Though he calls it 'tother way)—
That feller's sleeps are nightmares,
While I'm "baskin' in the hay."

He gits his information
From them red-backed books o' his,
Writ by them cunnin' fellers
Who make red-backed books their biz,

An' who sell them to the toilers
Of the sweat-stained honest phiz;
While they smoke their "Clear Havanas"
Where the cold winds never whiz.

The doctrine's O, so beautiful—
"It listens mighty well,"
An' it's doped a little more so
When there's some new book to sell—
But they'll have to change their hypo'
Pretty soon, an' here we'll tell—
There's a "nigger in the woodpile"
An' the "comrades" know the yell.

An' then we have another bunch—
The Unita-ri-an,
Who say that our Lord Jesus Christ
Was just a common man—
That is, there's one lot say this,
But there's yet another clan
Who say they don't know that He lived—
Back just so short a span!

You take their Mister Savage;
He whose "Christian" name's Minot.
He says our treasured Bible
Is a complexed bunch o' rot.
An' that the Bible of the Jews
Is mongrel polyglot;
But he, this feller Savage,
Is the whole blamed cast an' plot.

Now just because our Saviour
Doesn't come 'round spring an' fall
With—"Hello, Mister Tommy Paine
And Bobby Ingersoll!"
An' "How is Voltaire makin' out—
Socinus, "Great" an' "Small!"
There's fellers say—"We don't believe
But what we see—that's all!"

You know I b'lieve there's times when God
Just sets an' laughs his best,
At these little bits o' fellers
With a smaller bit o' zest,
Who take themselves in earnest
An' in serious protest
They proceed to knock the Bible
An' its teachin's galley-west.

Now if they'd set an' cogitate:
If all the finite brain
That exists, or e'er existed,
Or will e'er exist again
Could be crowded into one great mind
It could not then make plain
How to prepare, so as to yield,
The smallest grass-blade's grain;

They might then turn to thoughts whereby
They'd read the "other side"
That tells of just how small we are,
An' how them that denied
Have come an' gone an' left
No legacy but one decried—
While the good ship, Christianity's
A'ridin' storm an' tide.

JEALOUSY

Is there one day that passes by
That we don't hear this hue and cry:
"What's wrong with this old sphere?"
No! Not a single hour much less
A day. And, said with much distress:
"An awful place down here!"
There's just one wrong: some call it "Greed!"
But there's a fitter name indeed—
A name that's deeper, deadlier;
A name that puts a blot and blur
On every land; on every sea,

And yoked with woe and misery—
“Jealousy!” “Jealousy!”

“Greed!” Yes, “Greed” is bad enough!
“Envy,” too, is crude and rough!

But these would ne'er have been
Had not some craven formed the plan
To sow within the heart of man,

‘Mongst other seeds of sin,
The one that kills where'er it thrives;
The one that's wrecked more human lives
Than fire and sword and shot and shell—
The one that gives a smack of hell;
The one that holds us slaves, in fee
And swears we never shall be free—
“Jealousy!” “Jealousy!”

She sits today upon her throne,
Decisively her own—her own—

A rigid autocrat!

She sends her forces on their way
To conquer, only—ne'er dismay

Or bend, to diplomat.

We know her wards. With ease we trace
The lines in each possessor's face.

They never see the sun and shine
(That—“Thanks to God!” are yours and mine)
Unless they've quelled all rivalry
And triumphed over you and me—
“Jealousy!” “Jealousy!”

God made us each to fill *one* place,
And not to lead in every race;

But help another win.

Then, when he's won, to grasp his hand
And say, right from the heart, “Just grand!”

And praise his discipline.

There's nothing warms the cockles up;
There's nothing fills Ambition's cup
Better than to have one tell—

"You've surely done your part, so well!"
And since we all appreciate
The heart ne'er once possessed by "Hate,"
Let's help destroy the cursed tree
That holds the world in slavery—
 "Jealousy!" "Jealousy!"

POST ELECTION THOUGHTS

Election day is over and the balloting is done.
The tally-sheets disclose to all just who have lost
 and won.
Some come with wreaths of victory from out the
 fierce-fought fray;
But victors or the vanquished they are patriots
 today.

We need hold no post-mortems on—"If this or that
 had been!"
Our sovereignty has spoken and the battle's ceased
 its din.
Then why not do the gracious thing, in simplest
 Christian style,
And ask the Lord to guide our new officials all the
 while.

We're awed because the Mexicans are always in the
 fray,
Blighting their posterity and wealth in surest way.
They know none than the war god's call—that call
 of Death so bland—
And all because *their* party is not chosen to
 command.

The only way we differ is, our fight's not one of
 gore;
We start to thwart the country's choice as soon's
 election's o'er.
We breed contention and unrest (from which we
 should recoil),

With ne'er a word of praise to give for honest
faithful toil.

Should any foreign country dare to run our colors
low,
How quickly we would heed the call to deal the
crushing blow;
Obeying, to the letter, our good general's command,
Because we know that unity of action saves the
land.

We'd never quiz the politics of him who told us do
The thing to save the honor of the old Red, White
and Blue.

Again, we'd never ask our comrades side by side us
then

If they voted for this party or that party's chosen
men.

We read about the "tories" in those stirring days of
old;

We know of men like Arnold who was bought
by English gold;

They're branded "traitor" when they should have
borne another name,

And have their niche to be revered within the
Hall of Fame.

We'll ne'er have peace and plenty worth the trifling
Grecian dam,

If we but heed these "tories" who care naught
for Uncle Sam;

Those chaps who howl "calamity" forever and
anon,

And never rightly happy 'till they've brought the
panic on.

So Mister Politician, with the smile and hearty (?)
shake,

And cursed store of diatribe, we all are wide awake.
The day is gone when you can work your blight
of honest men;

When e'er a man needs putting out we know just
how and when.

Our Ship of State is manned by men who know
the shore and sea.
They know whereat the buoys float and where the
course is free;
And guided by a master hand, no need that we
should feel.
But safe when true America is at the pilot-wheel.

"WHILE WE'RE HERE"

We ne'er could understand just why
A person had to do and die
Before his cherished name
Would be inscribed with sturdy scroll
Upon that roll—that splendid roll—
Within the Halls of Fame;
When, while he lives and doing good
His service is best understood.

From personal experience,
We truly like the present tense
In hearing words of praise.
When lips are sealed, and senses dumb,
And we have left for Kingdom Come
Who cares for these displays
Hewn out of marble—cast in bronze
Or painted like the sainted ones.

So as *our* doctrine's—"While we're here"
And men of brawn and brain and cheer
Man well our Ship of State;
We feel inclined to tell of *them*
And crown them with a diadem
So bright, and up to date,
That all may see their photograph
Long years 'ere comes their epitaph.

TO AVIATOR WALSH

See that feller Walsh go flyin'
Through the atmosphere?
Pretty sight, there's no denyin'
Way he did appear.
Just like some big bird a soarin'
With his wings outspread.
Hear his motor snappin'—roarin'
As he passed o'er head?
But he thwarts our understandin'
Comin' earthward in his landin'
In them spiral glides o' his—
We jest watched an' said—"Gee Whiz!"

Charley, there's no doubt about it
Ye have got the grit;
Couldn't do that stunt without it.
Hope ye always hit
Mother Earth as smooth and pretty
As we saw ye do;
For 'twould be an awful pity
If ye went askew
Up there where things atmospheric
Never do the panegyric.
Then, the coming down would be
Something none would care to see.

Walsh, old boy, them dips are pretty,
And them spiral glides
Smack of all that's smart and witty—
Artistic besides;
Make us feel we're glad we're livin'
In this wondrous age—
But, right here, we'll be a-givin'
Counsel like the sage:
Keep ye're mind in good condition
So's 'twill grasp acute contrition;
As the time may come some day
When ye'll want to think an' pray.

Killed at Trenton, N. J., one month later.

MOTHER'S DAY

Let us revere! 'Tis "Mothers' Day!"

It comes with sweetest benediction;

And, too, within the jurisdiction

Of Blessed Mary's month of May!

Day when every son and daughter,

On the land or on the water,

Will run back through days and days

To those sweet and homely lays

Sung by her while ever keeping

Watch o'er them awake or sleeping.

Mother! Where a sweeter name!

Where a word in song or story

That is wreathed with more glory!

Those, there are, enshrined by fame

That will ring on down the ages

In the tales of bards and sages;

But for sentiment and love

No word blest by Him above,

Nor bespeak by any other,

Will compare with this one,—"Mother."

She it is, who beams with joy

When her very self has given

Choicest gift, to earth, from heaven—

That new soul—in girl or boy.

She it is, who soothes our sorrow

With her—"All is well tomorrow!"

She it is who'll stand beside

Hers when troubles doth betide—

See her with her heart-strings wringing,

To the cross on Calvary clinging.

None there are but sing her praise,

None but wreath her round in glory,

None but tell the same sweet story

Of their cherished mother's ways.

So today, we wear in honor

Of her, who's our greatest donor,

White carnations—every one—

Father, mother, daughter, son,
Grandpa, grandma and all other
In sweet memory of "Mother!"

JUST YOU

I glance towards Heaven's diadem
All set with stars in purest blue —
I search my sky and find one gem—
'Tis all I need, dear heart, just you.

I now list to the song-bird's thrill,
Each note inspiring, rich and true—
There's just one songster to my will,
And she, dear one, is you, just you.

I walk by beds of roses, so
Refreshed by Heaven's sweetest dew—
One flower's all I rightly know,
It blooms for me alone—'tis you.

A thousand hopes I see in dreams,
So seldom even one comes true—
But one there is, well-set it seems,
And that blest hope, sweetheart, is you.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

We don't think one could rightly make
A better New Year's resolution
Than to his inmost workings take
A pledge to guard his constitution.
Great big, broad and wholesome pledge!
"Cuts as well with either edge."

Now, if we'd take this solemn vow
We'd hear and heed each conscience warning.
We'd never "draw to fulls," somehow,
Nor sing "We won't go home 'till morning."
R. E. Morse would never play
His tom-tom in that doleful way.

We'd go to bed when bed-time came
And get the rest our bones demanded.
We'd rise and dine in happy frame
Before the grub was second-handed—
Buckwheat cakes and sausage hot—
Coffee—four cups, like as not.

We'd never have to bother Doc
Concerning aches and indigestion;
Nor suffer from a nervous shock
That makes our stomach quiz and question
All about our fertile (?) brain
That couldn't stand the tempting strain.

We'd jog to work each day on day
And show the world we love to labor.
We'd never gossip by the way
About our proud and stuckup neighbor.
None need fear but what we'd do
Aright to Christian—Heathen—Jew.

So while our souls and bodies stand
Revolting at a dissolution,
Let's keep the matter well at hand—
Pledge fealty to our constitution.
Then we'll move without a fear
On, on from New Year to New Year.

THE KNIGHT OF THE PENCIL AND PAD

Here's to the lad of the pencil and pad,
Who works while we sleep, for the press;
Who moulds into sense, the news items sent hence
In a way we'd be proud to express.
Who gets for all favors a "Thank you" or two.
And seems to be pleased with our "generous" view.

No play anywhere; no festival; fair;
No wedding; no party; no dance,
Could be the success, 'thout this lad of the press
Who hands out the boost in advance,

And many's the juvenile heart he's made glad—
This knight of the pencil and knight of the pad.

He's always on hand and right up with the band
When anything's doing of note.
With the throng at the fair, or the mob on the
square.

The happenings rightly to quote.
Though close to the pulpit he rarely will perch
We'll speak of him truly—we've seen him in
church.

He works through the night, by the shimmering
light
Of the bulb or the gas jet or lamp;
And lists to the clang of the typewriter's bang,
And the telegraph instrument's vamp;
And ring of the 'phone in its nerve-racking way,
So's we'll have the news when we rise for the day.

We'll not recite more of his labor and chore,
Though just a synopsis we gave;
But in fancy we see, when his soul is set free
And his body consigned to the grave,
The heavenly portals all swinging a-glad
To welcome the knight of the pencil and pad.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Talkin' 'bout yer holidays like Fourth's of old
July;
Thanksgivin' with her taffies, nuts an' hunks of
pumpkin pie;
Saint Patrick's Day an' Labor Day an' all so full
of glee,
But there's nothin' like the Christmas times that
hits the spot with me.

You'll note, as soon's November's hiked from off
the reel of Time,
The atmosphere grows mellerer; the Sun is in his
prime;
The Moon looks down so wistfully an' sort o'
seems to say
She wouldn't mind a-comin' down to spend the
Christmas Day.

The gourches seem to emigrate to Grump-grumpy
Land,
Or else they get their livers fixed an' smile to beat
the band,
As every feller that you meet is happy as kin be
An' seems to say—"This Christmas biz is just the
dope for me."

Old Tightwad, who eleven months has tied his
purse strings taut;
Who's kicked an' growled at every one, espec'y
when he bought;
Is crowdin' 'round the counter, with the shoppers,
full of glee—
His countenance displays the fact—"It's just the
stuff for me."

We tumble into Wonderland—the land we've
trundled through—
We see our homes on Christmas, when our lives
were bright an' new;
We see the gifts from neighbors, an' from all our
kith an' kin—
An' p'raps we wish—I know we do, to live them o'er
again.

We see the turkey gobbler—when his gobble-in
is o'er,
Dished out with loads of stuffin' an' big doughnuts
by the score;

An' we truly wish our stomachs were as good's
they used to be,
So's we could hit the turkey in the "fade-away"
degree.

So, gentlemen an' ladies, in conclusion we'll suggest,
Let's all recall the feelins we've at Christmas times
possessed.

An' when we git them rightly on next blessed
Christmas Day,
Let's lock them in our bosoms an' then throw the
key away.

IN MEMORY OF DANIEL V. HUGHES

We stand beside your rigid form
And gaze upon the face so true;
A face, in life, so kind and warm—
'Tis hard to couple Death—and you!

Will we ne'er see your smile again?
Nor gaze into those eyes of blue?
Nor hear your voice in counsel plain?—
'Tis hard to couple Death—and you—

And, is it so, that never more
We'll clasp that gracious hand! And, too,
Receive your greeting as of yore?—
'Tis hard to couple Death—and you!

And, is it possible, until
This earthly life is spent and through,
That we'll ne'er have your laughter's thrill?—
'Tis hard to couple death, and *you!*
* * * * *

Accentuated is the tone,
That gives the answer: "Pray be still!
His journey's through! His work is done!
He bows unto his Maker's will."

FANNIE'S DEATH

"Fannie" to whom my first little volume is dedicated, in so jocular a way, died on September 4, 1911. The cause of her death was *hemorrhagic pancreatitis*. She went from ab-normal health to the grave in twenty-four hours.

My Fannie went away from me today—
The summons came—was ready to obey;
Did not rebel against the call,
But bade goodbye to each and all.

In voice so firm, and tones so clear
She spoke sweet words of faith and cheer
To me, who, with a sob-choked breath
Would ask in awe—"It can't be death?"

It can't be Death! None wonder why I ask.
To those who knew her less 'tis e'en a task,
When calling back a yesterday
They see her happy, bright and gay,
A-mingling, with an air care-free,
In deeds of purest charity.
And e'er another day took breath—
Behold her cold and still in death.

A heavy pall is laid across my way.
A pall that seems to thicken, day on day.
And none will ever question why
I mourn and weep. That she should die
When at life's very apex—she,
The mention of whose name would be
A summing-up of all that goes
To speak of Life and Death as foes.

The blessed Faith e'er taught her from a child;
The Faith of Him—so meek, so just, so mild.
That Faith, her solace all through life;
When joys ran wild or griefs ran rife,

Was with her to the last faint breath
And spoke to her of Life—not Death—
Of Life that lasts through age on age,
And this world—a mere pilgrimage.

Had I e'er been a skeptic, and in line
With those who speak of Him as not divine
Or Deified, then saw the smile
That spread her countenance the while
The words—"Thy will be done!" were said,
How quickly I would bare my head
And bend my knee in joy to Him
For having filled Life's cup a-brim.

The world seems O, so different to me
Since she has gone. And though I know her free
From every care and mortal strife,
And happy—still, to lose a *wife*
Brings on a grief, none can explain
But those who've lived a-through the strain.
I hope to live, that when I die
I'll spend, with her—eternity.

"MARY AND JOE"

Cut in the bark of the sturdy old beech,
That served as a trysting-place, long, long ago,
We see many names and around all and each
Pure strains of sentiment one time did flow.
Some are illegible; some gnarled and old.
Just one happy pair stands as made of pure gold—
'Tis set in bold Romans, thus: "MARY AND
JOE."

On an old parlor wall in a farm-house hard by,
In a frame warped with age and its print void of
glow,
Is a "Marriage Certificate"—hands clasped so shy,
And two faded ribbons arranged in a bow.
And the minister's name with the witnesses too,

Attesting this wedding was faithful and true—
And writ on the bottom is: “Mary and Joe.”

In the “till” in a chest in the attic above
There are papers galore that so thoroughly show
There was true mutuality coupled with love
Through sunshine and shadow and pleasure and
woe.

Deeds, bills-of-sale, and small notes by the score;
We watch and admire as we scan them all o'er—
Each with these signatures: “Mary and Joe.”

There's an old family Bible, all thumb-worn and
blurred,
That was read when the candle light burned dim
and low,
And, on Sunday morn when the lark's song was
heard,
And divers times more on the old portico.
It lays mute and sealed like its readers today—
But it tells its own tale in a reverent way;
The solace it furnished to “Mary and Joe.”

Their life-work is known through the whole country
side,
And will be for aye as the ages will go
As one where the Golden Rule ever supplied
Its essence the purest. They acted it so.
“No soul is so scarlet but can be made white.”
“ ’Tis God renders judgment on what's wrong or
right—”
These were the maxims of “Mary and Joe.”

There's a church-yard quite near with its thorn-
covered mound,
And those, sunk with time, where the wild thistles
grow,
Where the sly toad and snake unmolested abound,
And the thrush mocks the gloom with his guttural
flow.

On each grave's a slab, on the ground or askew.
But one stands out perfect—erected to two—
And cut in the marble is: "MARY AND JOE."

There's a home up on high where the faithful
rejoice;

Our mind gives a picture of streets all aglow
With sunshiny faces and clear, happy voice.
Seraphs and cherubs, and saints that we know.
And, in 'mongst the saints, garbed in God's purest
white,

We see hand in hand, singing out with delight,
Those spirits of constancy: "Mary and Joe."

THE OLD AND THE NEW MAY QUEEN

When all the world was Pagan, and
The earth was young and fresh and green,
There lived in fair Italia's land,
Sweet Flora—she, of May, the queen.
She lived in hearts and minds, and they
Who thought her, their dear Queen of May,
Would scatter 'neath her tread, the flowers—
God's choicest fruit of April's showers.

Her festival—Floralia—meant
To all *her* people, mirth and song
And happiness. Those, opulent
And poor, made up one happy throng,
Where all were children, old, *and* young;
From every clime—of every tongue—
Joined in one joyous holiday,
In honor of *their* Queen of May.

In ancient Rome, two temples stood
At her disposal. One within
The Quirinal, where all who could
Would flock, in happy discipline
To do her homage, valorous.

Then, in the Circus Maximus
Of wide expanse, the other stood,
Where legions praised her magnitude.

But *she* was just a deity,
A myth—a picture, we might say;
Yet serves, e'en now, to beautify
Our simple songs and joys today
When we've a real, living queen;
Pretty, and of *gracious* mien;
And how my heart does proudly beat
To place this crown on girl, so sweet.

MATILDA AND JULIA AND JOE

The first two were sisters; Matilda, the one,
And Julia, the other was named;
With countenances as a May morning's sun,
And raven-like eyes, speaking pathos and fun;
And you truly would love, like score others have
done,
The two—and be never once blamed.

Happy and cultured and pretty besides
With laugh like a clear-sounding bell,
At home in the dance where Terpsichore glides;
At home in the parlor; at home in the tides;
At home in the home or in happy "hay rides;"
At home with the mountain or dell.

They seemed *so* contented with life and its joys,
As strifes couldn't live in their air;
Looked on life's crosses as simple annoys,
Their hearts seemed to stand at an equalized poise,
And they surely had class—making love to the
boys—
Or soothing each love-lornish care.

Their father had died 'fore we knew them real well,
And left a large fortune behind;
But all to their mother. Those knowing her tell
Of her strong greed for gold, and whenever it fell
For once in her hands, 'twould remain quite a spell.
She was one of those "tight-fisted" kind.

And she told every prospective suitor who came
To call on her daughters, that she
Believed any man would be wholly to blame
If he'd not make a fortune. Her husband, though
lame,
Had done it; and none of her girls would gain
fame—
"From the monies that's left 'em by me."

But these girls had their beaux (and they liked
beaux real well,
As most of the girls always do)
And their beaux well returned every thought. You
can tell
Whenever Dan Cupid is working his spell.
And they wooed at the home, and they wooed in the
dell,
With the best art that Dan Cupid knew.

Now Julia got married, to one she loved well,
And, one who was rated as fine;
Leaving Matilda to battle and quell
All morbid love troubles to which the boys fell
Instinctively heir to. This curt little belle
Was right in her specified line.

Julia's estate had no rival at all;
A thousand green acres or more;
Mansions for summer and winter and fall
Horses and autos and servants at call;
Diamond-hung costumes for party or ball
And social companions galore.

Time went apace, and a fond-lover fell—
(As if from the heavens above)
In on Maltida and never would quell
His earnest love-making, until she would tell,
Him fair to his face, that she loved him real well.
He proposed. She said "yes"—both in love.

A fine fellow, he, and a poet as well;
The classics to him weren't dry,
He'd quote from the masters-prosaic—a spell—
Then turn to the masters-poetic—and tell
His story as rhymed by himself. How *he'd* quell
Matilda's love-troubles—then sigh.

They married, these two, Matilda and he—
He lived with his mother-in-law.
He sang for his rations; he penned with such glee,
When e'er a new suit was decided to be
The right thing in order. He rhymed perfectly,
When penning of—"Dear Mrs. Shaw."

But—"Dear Mrs. Shaw," was a lady whose heart,
'Stayed in' to the poor and distressed,
She never could understand why she should part—
From her treasured shuckles, and right from the
start
She told her dear daughter—"To you I'll impart
This message—you two should go west."

Now, Maltida was loved to the fullest degree,
(There's none who will doubt what I say)
Her husband, big, handsome and, happy and free,
Seemed to revel in love, with a sweet ecstasy;
For *he loved*, and he told his Matilda with glee,
In an artless and childish-like way.

Matilda loved home—as all good girls should,
But this hint was too awfully strong;
Her husband's finances were well understood;
She knew he was poor; she knew he was good;

So she said—"We will go to a new neighborhood,
With the thought that we *might* get along."

So, they packed their belongings and went to the
West;

Not far to the west I would say,
As poet's small earnings can't pay fares the best;
But they lived just as happy as birds in their nests.
And year after year this sweet union was blest—
Until six hearty children had they.

Reverses came on. The children were small.

The landlord informed our friend Joe,
That he wouldn't mind harb'ring from spring until
fall,
But he couldn't include the chill autumn, and all
The cold, cruel winter without a cash call—
So he'd best "pack his plunder" and go.

So, they moved—to an attic. Their larder was
slim;

And living was awfully high.
Eddie and Henry and Billy—so trim,
Sold daily papers, with exquisite vim;
Johnnie and Dannie shined shoes at the gym—
While their "pap" penned of sea, moon and sky.

The hard-times came on, and business went bad,
'Twas pitiful, true—to behold
This once trim Matilda of spirit aglad,
Taking in washing! What know you more sad?
Those sweet dimpled arms! Trim fingers! No lad
Or lass of more beautiful mold.

Colics and measles—whooping-coughs, pains—
Curse upon curse—o'er and o'er,
Came to the attic where poverty reigns;
Where Spartan Matilda was racking her brains
To bring 'bout relief—yet, she never complains.
How could this dear creature stand more?

But she did. E'en the attic, where in they held
forth
Was ordered vacated forthwith.
And just at the time when the breeze from the
North,
Was running amuck to its extremest worth.
With pantry a-bare; no heat on the hearth—
(The story seems tinged with the myth.)

Undaunted Matilda—ne'er cringed at the thought,
But did as her landlord had bade.
Moved. To a shack in the slums, where the sot,
Degenerate, beggar and all breathed of nought
But sin in its depths—by its best masters taught.
E'en there none would notice her sad.

But during these trials—these strenuous times—
The faith in the One up above
Never once faltered—sublime of sublimes!
Now, poetry, perfect transformed from the rhymes
Of Matilda's fond husband; and dollars and dimes
Poured in, from his verses of love.

Up from the ashes, like Phoenix of old;
“Apexed in full middle sky”—
Critics grew warm who were heretofore cold;
Publishers battled for stories-untold;
Each mail brought a check to be bartered for gold;
E'en his autograph brought prices high.

Pure emanations of unsullied love,
Dripped from his meekly moved pen.
Thoughts you would rate as inspired from above;
So sweet to the mind—with the peace of the dove—
“All nature akin” was his theme. And he'd prove
That men were to love fellow-men.

They moved! To an attic? No, No!—to a *home*,
Surrounded by foliage green.
Where father and children were anxious to come,

And pay special tribute of stupendous sum
To mother! whose firmament lighted the dome
 Of their heaven on earth—as its queen.

They lived long and well and the lesson of love,
 In each was so firmly instilled.

And mother was worshipped—next to Him above,
Each, vieing with each, his affections to prove
To her, whose white locks only mellowed the groove
 That Time had ungraciously willed.

And strange, midst it all she'd ne'er stood at the
 bier,

 Of a child she had mothered so true.

Through all of her trials the hot, scalding tear
Had ne'er been the lot of Matilda, so dear.

And she lived to well round out her ninetieth year
 'Fore God gave her robings anew.

The choice of her bosom lies close by her side,
 With his God-given asset of love;
Who loved her more dearly the day that she died,
Aye, a thousand-fold more than when she was his
 bride.

We pray their dear Maker will tell them with pride:
 “Come home—there's no cross up above.”

MASON AND HENRY

Mason and Henry, the children were named,
 And grandma had made the selections—
(Foxy old girl) though we never once blamed
 Her for once, or stood out with objections;
E'en though they'd been named for her two former
 beaus—
Her husbands (both) after as chronicling shows.

She never would say why she did it. No, no,
This naming of Henry and Mason;
And we never knew that grandma had a beau—
(Most innocent bunch in creation.)
She always called them their full name, right out,
While we cut them down to a minimum 'bout.

Well, now to the boys: They were brothers, of course,
But no one would guess it, no, never;
As "Hen" was a boy whose good works we'd endorse
While "Mase" was in trouble, forever.
That is, far as mischievous deviltry goes
He'd "rings on his fingers and bells on his toes."

The populace 'round and about and thereat,
Wherein he was reared, always knew it,
When e'er any tricks were pulled, right off the bat,
That "Mase" was the lad who could do it.
And whether he did it, or if he did not.
He always was blamed for it, right on the spot.

Let some neighbor's wagon be hind-wheel in front,
Or well-bucket gone in the morning;
Or melon-patch robbed, or most any old stunt
Accomplished without the least warning—
The old-folks, at once could assuredly trace
The "devils own hand" as developed in "Mase."

Let some couple wed and try slipping away
By fast train, that stops at next station;
They might play the wise act on others that day
But nix, when you're talking of Mason.
No, he was right there when the fast mail pulled in,
With horse-fiddles, cow-bells and makers of din.

Let some old one die, say along past three-score,
And every one bowed down with sorrow;
"Mase" was right there at the "wake" with his lore,
That kept all a-smile 'till the morrow.

Then as a pall-bearer, cool as you please—
The cooler, the more the infectious disease.

Revivals by Methodists, Baptists or Friends—

No matter the denomination,
Were ne'er a success at obtaining their ends
Without the assistance of Mason.

But when the suggestion of “mourner's-bench” came,
He side-stepped the issue with—“Not in the game.”

His father would worry; his mother would fret;

His sisters would say—“What a pity!”

They knew, as their brother, he'd disgrace them
yet

As well as their kin in the city.

They'd wonder why “Mase” couldn't be like good
men;

He knew, of course, they were ‘ludin’ to “Hen.”

* * * * *

“Hen” was his mamma's boy, e'er and anon;

She taught him hygiene, by the measure;
Civics and suffrage and art by the ton,

And culture—the one chiefest treasure.

He gulped these things down like a hungry man
would

His beans and his bacon. Was sure that he should.

He'd do calesthenics each morning at six;

Then walk seven miles 'fore his dining;

Then feast on toast-posties, or some other mix,
Because it was good for refining.

He'd lunch on salt wafers and cool aqu—a,
As down went the sun at the close of the day.

His baths were two, daily, at noon and at night,

The hot, and the cold, with the shower.

These made his complexion as perfect a white
As the lily that grows in the bower.

Half his time was consumed in his bodily care;
From the feel of his feet, to the lay of his hair.

His suits were the latest in tailoring art;
Either loose-like or extra tight-fitting;
And oftentimes I've feared that the latter would part—
When e'er he'd abruptly be sitting.
The rest of his rig corresponded in taste,
From his hat and his shoes to the belt round his
waist.

His realm was "society" week in and out,
Lord Chesterfield never was in it
When e'er our friend Henry was there or about,
He never could pose for a minute.
His father and mother and sisters and all
Just basked in his manners at party or ball.
* * * * *

Now Mase didn't give a particular cuss
For laws of hygiene or of styling.
He jogged right along without bluster or fuss
And all the while pleasant and smiling.
The walks before breakfast and baths twice a day
Ne'er troubled his dreams as he slept—"in the hay."

He always was fond of potatoes and beans;
Boiled cabbage and sausage and—chicken.
He reveled in bliss o'er fat bacon and greens
And said to his ribs they'd be stickin'.
He claimed that those "heavy things" never would
hurt,
And swore pickled pigs-feet, made splendid dessert.
* * * * *

Henry got married. The papers were full
Of all the events, thus connected.
Married a girl who'd a dad with a pull—
(And this was no more than expected)
His wife was a lady with tastes like himself,
Regarding the living and spending of pelf.

They never were known as with "purse-strings
untied"—
Or to do any reckless subscribing

To this cause or that. And they always decried
Any thoughts of the over-imbibing.
They lived to be rated as "living just grand"—
But added each week to their "Balance on hand."

Right from the start they agreed that the thing
To do was be all the while prudent.
Their minds ran together as straight as a string;
And each was an elegant student
Regarding the theory—"Put this away,
In sunshine, for use on a rainier day."

Many a pleasure they'd rightly forego
By figuring—"we'll see that later,
As e'er and anon there'll be circus and show
And we can enjoy them with greater
Gusto when down in our hearts we discern
The feeling—'the price is the least of concern.'

* * * * *

But not so with Mase. He'd his ear to the ground
For all things that savored of pleasure.
Right in the front seat he was sure to be found
Enjoining each act with a measure
That made the performer feel happy and smart—
As this laddie knew when he played well his part.

Haunted the foot-lights when winter was on,
And knew ever actress and actor.
No game worth the name could be rightly begun
Unless he was there as a factor.
Look o'er the bunch at each sporting event—
Mase was right there if it took his last cent.

Marry? No. Heavens! Too busy a man
He ne'er had a moment to tarry
For aught but the thing of the sportsman-like
plan—
And this ne'er includes the word, "marry."
Long, long 'fore his parents had died they did ask
That he get a wife—but *this* game was a task.

* * * * *

Nothing is truer than "Time goes apace!"
Nothing can stop or retard him
One day he asked for a hearing from Mase
Who tried every way to discard him
But Time can't be thwarted; he held up to view
The glass that reflected back—"Age sixty-two!"

Showed him, his brother, with family all grown,
All happy—in highest of station.
Each well equipped so's to battle his own
Way through this life with elation.
Showed him a page from the old book of life—
That read—"All alone, with no family or wife!"

Showed him the past panoramic'ly planned;
Showed him his partners in pleasure;
Showed him the day he was much in demand;
Showed him his misapplied treasure;
Showed him—but why show the poor fellow more?
Mase was a wreck on Remorse's cold shore.

"HAPPY JOHN" AND "SOLEMN JOE"

"Happy John" and "Solemn Joe"
Lived way out in Idaho.
Out where Indians roam at will
Over mountain, dale and hill.
Civilized as me and you
And living like all others do.
So there lived in Idaho
"Happy John and "Solemn Joe."

Brothers, but no more alike
Than Parson Brown and "Red-Nozed" Ike.
John from birth
Just loved this earth:
Laughed and cooed when in his crib,
And always wore a slobbered bib.
Seemed to know his ma's desire
Then go and do the opposite .

For naught else but raise to her ire
And, in laughter, throw a fit.

When the time arrived that he
Went to school like you and me:
Study? Yes. He learned with ease
Went right through his A, B, C's
Like greased lightning. Spelling—well
We knew no word he couldn't spell.
Same with reading—history
Penmanship—geography—
Grammar—physiology—
Arithmetic—geometry—
All the branches on the list
Never gave his brain a twist.
Learning—so the teachers said
Was just like eating ginger-bread
To "Happy John;"
But say, dog gone!
This learning quickly and with wit
Gave him too much time to sit
And trump up devilment. The kind
That havocs every teachers mind.

He'd "draw the teacher" on his slate,
Resembling much a reprobate,
Show her spit-curls—psyche knot
And bustle, big's a coffee-pot.
Show a big stick in her hand
And faced as giving some command.
Glasses high upon her nose
And dressed in real old-fashioned clothes.
Fearful we'd not recognize
Her features and her bustle's size,
He'd write below
So's we'd all know—
OUR TEACHER, in full Roman caps.

Of course we'd laugh. Now if, perhaps
The teacher cast her eyes towards, John
He'd be so earnest, while he'd con
Some heavy thought within his brain
And looked as in an awful strain.

Wrap a paper ball as tight
And hard's a stick of dynamite—
Then look slyly all around
The room until he knew he found
Some real studious, thinking chap
When he'd bang it 'cross—kerslap!
'Gainst some fellow's jaw you know—
Just like as not his brother Joe;
Or a girl, it mattered not
To this lad at whom he shot.
He could shoot as straight and true
As any gun you ever knew.

Doggedest scamp you ever saw;
Seemed, he lived to break the law.
Of course it ne'er was his intent
To do aught but pure devilment.
Wouldn't harm the little flea
If it hurt it—no sir—ee!
Just so kind of heart, and say,
He'd give his very boots away
If he thought that you would need
Them worse than he. He would indeed.

Take, we'll say, recess or noon,
When your appetite's in tune;
When an apple's nice to eat
And hunk of pie tastes just so sweet:
If he thought that you perhaps
Had poorer mas or poorer paps
Than he had; wouldn't, couldn't rest
'Till you'd half his very best
Apple or his share of pie—
That he termed a luxury.

Figured he could get along
And wanted you as big and strong.

Then, when eating all was done—
In for any play or fun.
Baseball? Whew! You bet. He'd play,
If they'd let him all the day.
Liked to get the pitcher hot
And pound his curves all o'er the lot.
Run the bases like a deer;
Didn't have a bit of fear
Sliding into any base—
On his back or on his face.
Just went right in with a smash—
Bang! He's off—He's in—k'thrash!

Played the center-field. And my!
Never saw him muff a fly.
Let some batter rap one out
Towards the center—hear them shout
From the stands in awful yell—
"That old ball is in a well!"
(You folks know
How those things go.)

Ought to've seen him on the ice
When the creek was frozen nice—
Skate all sorts of fancy things—
Figure eights or pigeon wings.
Tell the truth I've seen him go
Forty miles an hour or so.
Anything that smacked of fun
He was "there with big bells on."

Finished common school and led
In every branch. And oft we've said
That his brain was surely made
To compare in every grade
With his body and his limb—
Best of stuff like all of him.

Went to college—same boy John—
“There, once more, with sleigh bells on.”
Played their games and studied, too;
Just went sailing right plunk through.
Graduated, if you please
With LL’s and PH D’s.

(His mother used to say that he
Was just like all her family,
Except, of course, these cussed tricks
And they were all his Uncle Dick’s
On his father’s side. But take
Looks and all that goes to make
Up the man of fine physique
John was hers from toe to cheek.
When the father’d hear this thing
He’d just whistle, hum or sing—
Well—in fact—was pleased to know
The mother loved *their* boy John so.)

With his education through—
Started in for revenue.
Hung his “shingle”—that of law—
Right, of course, where all well saw.
Business came right from the start,
For clients know the man that’s smart.
Always ready with his case—
Judge and jury, face to face.
Won most cases, too—By jing!
Just to beat out everything.

Made immense amounts in fees.
Old tale—“What comes in with ease
Goes as easy.” This was true
Of John from every point of view.
Worked all day and bummed all night
To his uttermost delight.
At the dance or at the show;
Always found him on the go.
Made companionships—the kind
Not prone to elevate the mind:

With roysterers who go the clip;
Who like a little social nip
Of the famous high-ball sort
And end, most times, in sprees of sport.
Banquet table ne'er complete
'Thout he held the choicest seat.
Scintillating chap: would tell
Stories that would make you yell
With delight. And he could sing
Rag-time or most anything.

Marry? No. He never wed—
Wouldn't think six months ahead.
Girls all liked him. Mannerly
As Chesterfield could dare to be.
Treated them to cream and cake
And was always sure to take
Some good girl to dance or show—
But—"No wedding-bells"—No. No.

Thoroughly improvident;
Wouldn't save a blessed cent.

* * * * *

Now we'll tell of Joe awhile:
Boy and man of dif'rent style
Learned his lessons, not so fast
As John; but learning came to last.
Played all games and played them well
But couldn't give the Indian yell
Nor cut the fancy figure-eights
On flying ice or roller skates;
Couldn't bat nor run the bags
Or wouldn't carry heavy jags
Like Happy John; but he went through
Common School and College too.
Graduated—yes sir-ee!
From Harvard University.

Was a lawyer, too, like John
But not the kind who dotes upon
Collecting fees; then up and go
The pace the boys call—"Make her snow."
No. Joe was aught but miserly
But when he gathered in a fee
He did what any man *should* do
Who holds the future up to view:
Paid his debts and took the rest
To bank or some place to invest.
Public-spirited was he—
No appeal for charity
Ever passed him by unseen.
Gave, and with a gracious mien
Towards all movements that were good
And would benefit the neighborhood.

Had his pastimes. Liked the game
Of base-ball. Was in happy frame
Of mind when bowling ten-pins. None
In the golf games had more fun
Than he. And at the dances why
No waltz, or two-step e'er went by
Unless he had it. All these he
Enjoyed in very best degree.
Yet, while he loved the dance and game
He went to bed when bed-time came
So when the new-day came around
His mind and limbs were clear and sound.

Married? Yes. A splendid wife
And children to complete a life
So well endowed by Nature's God.
A life, to copy, none would trod
The path the mis-led one enjoys;
So filled with pleasures and annoys.
These pleasures, taken temperate
Would only serve to elevate;
But, taken to that curst degree,
Whereby, we're *slaves* to revelry

Is where the fault comes in, and then
We have no place with sober men
Who want to deal with minds most clear
And not with those with eyes a-blear.

Joe's home is a home of love
Divinely handed from above.
A home where every heart is clean.
A home with Blessed Mary, queen.
A home, wherein we're taught her Son
O'er Death a splendid victory won.
A home, where, when the shades of eve
Have fallen none would care to leave.
A home where all are gay and bright
And happy, morning, noon and night.

The only time a gloom would come
To throw it's shadow o'er this home
Was when poor John would stagger in
All worn and haggard; bent and thin.
A shadow of the former day
Of romp and revel; dance and play.
A mendicant at fifty-five!
Just when he should begin to live.
And Joe's door ne'er was closed to him—
Instead, he filled his cup a-brim
As best he could. He'd chat about
The days when both were young and stout.
Of cases lost and cases won,
And all good things that John had done.
He'd tuck him tenderly in bed,
With softest pillow 'neath his head.
The children ne'er were taught to know
That "Uncle John" had met that foe
That ne'er was conquered in this world;
And with his standard e'er unfurled,
Enlists the gay and guileless youth
Who does not heed the living truth.
They never knew and none must tell
Of pedestal from which he fell.

But they were taught true charity
Which does not mean a coin tossed free
To some out-stretched and palsied hand—
But love of all that's good and grand.
His every wish and every whim
Was always gladly granted him.

The bright mind, once the country's pride
And now at Autumn's high noon-tide,
As far as Nature did intend,
Is in its Winter; at its end.
The feet that once raced like the deer,
And brought out many a joyous cheer,
The limbs once lithe as the gazelle,
And sped o'er many a mount and dell;
The splendid breast that knew no pain,
And heaved always in happy vein;
The brawny arm that raised on high
The cap on some new victory
Are withered. And the splendid heart
That ever did its valiant part
Beats low. And every vein it filled
With purest blood is choked and chilled.

The courted hand of Death is now
Laid heavily upon the brow.
The choirs—sing out the requiems
O'er one of Natures primest gems.
Consigned to Earth we well may say
By his own hand, this early day.

* * * * *

And now the green grass grows upon
The well-kept grave of "Happy John"—
Well-kept, you ask me? Yes—'tis so—
By Joe.

"THE UPPER AND THE NETHER STONE"

Jevver bank? You know, I mean
Depositing the old "Long Green!"
The thing that makes the wheels spin round
And keeps a-whir that welcome sound
We hear within the mart and mill
As sweet 's the music of the rill—
Because, we know, with all a-hum,
Our ship of state is trav'ling some;
A-steaming at a speed whereat
We each one take our turn at bat.

Now during times when all goes well—
Just helter-skeltering, pell-mell—
Each worker at his chosen trade
Producing wares of every grade
From dreadnaughts on to Christmas toys—
We all are happy—girls and boys—
And men and women too, are glad;
Forgetting all cares e'er they had;
All figuring in thoughtful mien
Where to invest their surplus "Green."
'Tis then the banker hoves in sight,
With countenance a-beaming bright;
With facts and figures showing how
'Tis best to bank with him—right now.
Because he pays an extra PER
That makes it mighty nice, yes sir.
He shows you just how easy 'tis
To borrow from that bank of his.
He also promises to tell
Where to invest and do it well.

So, in she goes—there's naught to do
But just keep on a-adding to
"Our bank account" until we feel
The investing spirit o'er us steal.
Town lots are laid out here and there—

We buy, from those right on the square:
So much per month—so much in hand;
We're growing rich to beat the band.
We now arrange with Mr. Shott
To build a house upon *our* lot.

The house is built the self-same way
We bought the lot—so much per pay,
With *so* much *down*. We then proceed
To dope out just the things we'll need
To fill that house from attic to
The laundry (this thing's something new)
We find the place whereat we're told—
"Your credit's just as good as gold!"
We buy—and, too, the stuff we got
The way we bought the house and lot.

Now all things seem like one sweet song:
We meet our payments right along;
We sing and dance—and goodness knows
We take in all the picture shows,
We talk on—"With our payments through
We'll take a trip to Timbuctoo,
With 'stop-off privilege' whereby
We've time to hit the places 'high'—
Like old New York and gay Par-ee"—
Our castles are of *some* degree.

We'll dress, of course, from shoe to "tile"
In just the very latest style.
Our wife will wear the latest brands
Of fashions to suit all the lands
Through which we *spin*. And Tom and Joe
And Dan and John and Nell and Flo—
Madelyn, Kathryn and Mae
Will all be togged the self-same way.
Happy? Surely! Lord, how sweet!
Two years more, we're on Easy Street!!!

We'll stop at none but best hotels;
Right with the biggest beaux and belles
Of just the highest order, too—
Because this "*so-much-per*" is through!
But hist! a sound we've heard before!
Some one's knocking at *our* door!
We ope—to find 'tis Mr. Shott
And he, from whom we bought (?) the lot
And he, so changed, so stern and cold
Who placed our credit—"Good as Gold!"

We're told in words right to the point—
"The money system's out of joint!"
"A stringency's throughout the land!!"
"To purchase now means cash in hand!!!"
"The mills and mines have ceased to hum!!!!"
"In fact, the country's on the bum!!!!!"
"To keep our credit unimpaired
We want all bills, out-standing, squared."
They talk of mortgages that they
Could foreclose—well, most any day.

They leave. We seek *our* telephone
To tell our woes to Mr. Sloan
The banker with the extra P E R—
"The line is busy" comes from her
Who sits upon her bamboo mat
'Bout like the Turkish autocrat.
We fly to Mr. Banker, Oh!
As fast as our old legs can go
To ask a loan—a year at least—
But!!! "Mr. Sloan is over East!!"

"Money's tight!" the *teller* said.
"The cashier's home—laid up in bed!!"
"The Board instructs us hold on tight
To every blessed cent in sight.
E'en monies on deposit we
Are told to guard most zealously.

They ask ten days at least before
They'll cash a check for ten or more.
No use explaining, Mr. Dupe,
I feel you're due to loop-the-loop."

And loop it is! The loan came not!
We lost *our* house! We lost *our* lot!
Our furniture was vanned away
And, far as we're concerned, to stay!
We took the flat once occupied
By us before we swelled with pride
We'll do the best we can, for we
Have learned *one* book—*philosophy!*
There's one especial part—our own—
"Between the top and nether stone."

* * * * *

We've seen these jolly-banker boys.
When things are right, they make a noise
That sounds like this: "To all, a friend"
"Advice to give and cash to lend."
We've seen the other fellow, too;
The one who never jollies you,
But *there*, for business every day,
When done in his precise, "old" way.
Let times be good or times be bad
No "over East" for this bland lad.

And during stringent times like these,
We're "keeping cases," if you please.
We sit and talk the matter o'er
And find we've company galore,
Who know the banks that firmly stood
Well phalanxed for our neighborhood.
We know who'll get the business when
Financial skies are clear again.
We know the ones that would not own
An upper and a nether stone.
We know the ones who'll take us through;
And the ones that lost us—Timbuctoo.

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